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Memorial Sketches

—By—

Eliza Jane Pulse Scott.

"My son, forget not my law; but let thine heart keep my commandments: for length of days, and long life, and peace, shall they add to thee."

1440092

DEDICATION.

TO MY BELOVED GRAND-CHILDREN
THIS VOLUME
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.
ELIZA JANE PULSE SCOTT.

ERRATA.

On page 8, the third word in eighth line, should be "as."

On page 9, the third word in fourteenth line, should be "cutaneous."

On page 13, the eighth word in sixth line, should be "father."

On page 13, in ninth line, "those" should precede the word "who."

On page 19, the second word in sixth line, should be "hungering."

On page 20, the first word in third line, should be "Patter."

On page 22, in fourth line, "best" should precede the word "qualified."

On page 24, the fifth word in twenty-second line, should be "bear."

On page 33, the sixteenth line should read "just fifty years before their death."

On page 35, the first and second lines should end with the words, "muse" and "views."

On page 36, the fifth word in first line, should be "their."

On page 57, the tenth word in fourteenth line, should be "renown" instead of "sermon."

On page 60, the second word in thirteenth line, should be "feeds."

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Introductory.

CHAPTER I.

"The JOY of an old man is his children, and the HONOR of children is their parents."

"In that dread day when all mankind shall stand
To answer for their deeds in the body done,
Who then shall win the favor of God's son?
And on his right hand form that happy band?
Shall kings stand first? Shall conquests sworded hand
Take heaven by force? Or shall anyone
By wealth, or training, rank or power, so run
As to obtain, and Christ's "Well done" command?
Ah! no, but they that give the hungry meat,
Who slake hot thirst, who take the stranger in,
Who clothe the naked, and by service win
Health for the sick, or shall set captives free.
These bowing low before the judges feet
Wondering shall hear Him say, "Ye did it unto Me."

—*Young.*

Some one has said that "The world knows nothing of its greatest men" but that "They were entombed in hearts that knew them well". It might be thought impossible for me to be an impartial biographer of my parents, and that this delineation of their characters, is overdrawn, but I believe that those who knew them best, will agree with me, that their faults were as few, and their good qualities as many as are often found in persons of their environment. In God's holy sight they were no doubt imperfect creatures, as in his sight

there is none good, no, not one, none but God is good. The scriptures say that the children of Christian parents "arise and call them blessed". I often think that they are divinely impelled to do so, for they seem never to tire of speaking of them and testifying to the power of their good influence over them.

God has ordained that though dead, they will yet speak, and that "the righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance", while the "face of the Lord is against them that do evil, to cut off the remembrance of them from the earth". Emerson says "What is excellent as God lives, is permanent." (I would not exchange the blessed imperishable memories I hold as an heritage of my father and mother, for all this world calls good and great).

Too seldom we have written for the encouragement and example of their descendants in particular, a history of the lives of true Christian laymen, who have been largely influential for good in their day and generation.

We are too apt to think that this line of literature belongs largely, if not wholly, to the clergy, but the Bible tells us that they cannot believe, except they hear, and cannot hear, without a preacher, and that they cannot preach, except they be sent; so then they that conscientiously labor with their hands, in order that they may be able to communicate to others, are as strictly in the line of duty, and as absolutely necessary, for the furtherance of the Gospel, as those who preach it. And in my parents' day, which was al-

most early enough to be called frontier times of Ohio, such as they were virtually John the Baptists, preparing the way of the Lord, in supporting men who were prepared, and felt it to be their duty, to give themselves fully to the ministry.

And no doubt in many instances, it required greater diligence, in these persons, in prayer and watchfulness, so that they might be delivered from temptation when their time for devotional reading and meditation was greatly limited, than it did for those whose time was almost wholly given to the reading, and expounding of the Scriptures. So the truest Christian heroism was often to be found along the humbler walks of life and their example should be handed down from generation to generation. For if the holy religion of the Bible in the abstract was not often verified in the lives of its professors, it would not be nearly so effective.

Dr. Lyman Beecher was for some years the leading preacher in Boston. Once a person asked him how he was able to accomplish so much. He replied, "It is not I, it is my church; I preach as hard as I can on Sunday, but my church members, four hundred of them, preach as hard as they can by their lives all the week." Then again, it is considered by some, that the very learned, and those the world call great, are the only ones worthy of being set forth as examples for the young. But as an eminent writer says, "We are, (some of us), very fond of knowledge, apt to value ourselves upon our proficiency in the sciences: one science there is, however, worth more than all the rest, and

that is the science of living well, which shall remain "When tongues shall cease and knowledge shall vanish". Millburn asks, "Who does know that the divinest agency with which we are made acquainted is character. A perfectly educated will, calms, controls, and directs others. It is higher than intellect, or any form of power. It is the only thing we can carry with us to the future; it is, shall we be blessed, or accursed?

In this world there is great variety of character. The characters of two men who lived in the last century, Voltaire, a Frenchman, who proved to the world what an intellect without a good heart was, and John Howard, an Englishman, who was an English shepherd boy and in after years a farmer, with so little education that he could neither write nor speak correctly, with intellect so narrow and moderate, that scarcely deserves the mention of mediocre. His office was the instauration of modern philanthrophy.

Let any one who has read the history of these men tell me which was the nobler man; which had the greater character. Does the world owe any debt of gratitude to the gifted Frenchman? Will any age forget the unlettered Englishman? Blair says, "That in order to discern where man's true honor lies, we must look not to any advantitious circumstances of fortune, not to any single sparkling quality, but to the whole of what forms a man, what entitles him as such to rank high among that class of beings to which he belongs; in a word, we must look to the mind, and soul. One, whom, independent of any views of advan-

tage, we would choose for a superior, could trust in as a friend and could love as a brother; this is the man who in our heart above all others, we do, we must honor." Dr. J.S. Spees, late of our city, who was almost a lifelong friend and acquaintance of my parents, in writing a eulogy after father's death,said of him, that he was one of God's noblemen. Mother, on reading it said. "His true worth and merit could not have been defined so well in any other words." And I do not believe he had an acquaintance who would not have said the same.

"It naught avails thee where, but what, thou art.
All distinctions of this little life,
Are quite cutaceous, foreign to the man,
Away with all, but moral, in his mind;
And let what then remains, compose his name;
Pronounce him weak, or worthy, great, or mean.
The Almighty from His throne on earth surveys,
Naught greater than an honest, humble heart;
An humble heart His residence, pronounced
His second seat, and unrivaled to the skies.
The private path, the secret acts of men,
If noble, far the noblest of their lives."

Those who are greatest in the sight of God, our creator, who knows the end from the beginning, are the ones we should consider the greatest of the children of men. Jesus said, "Among those who are born of women there is not a greater prophet than John the Baptist, but he that is least, in the kingdom of God,

is greater than he; God's kingdom was not yet set up upon the earth, could not be, until after Christ's death burial and resurrection, for these facts are the foundation stones of his kingdom, or church, and consequently, John the Baptist, though a mighty prophet and forerunner of Christ, was not at that time, a subject of that kingdom, or church. So the very least one, in the church, is greater then, than John the Baptist was before the church was established.

Again, "He that ruleth his spirit, is greater than he that taketh a city."

Rev. Joseph Waddell Clokey, D. D., in his book, makes such startling statements, as "That crime in our country is increasing with greater rapidity than the population, and that it is having its greatest increase, from the youths of American homes. Our own sons, are the Tartars of today, and the walls that throughout the country incarcerate them, would, if placed end to end, in a continual line, rival in length China's fifteen-hundred mile wonder." Let us hope that he is taking a pesimistic view, rather than that he is perfectly correct in his statement of the degenerate state of society. But it is patent to all who do not wilfully close their eyes, that it is in a very deplorable condition. There is, therefore, the greater need to hold up the lives of all pure-minded men and women, who have proved through long, beautiful and useful lives, that "the ways of virtue are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace". Both the parents and the youth of our land need, "line upon

line, and precept upon precept, here a little, there a little", in order that they shall escape the blanishments and allurements which would draw them into the pit-falls so thickly strewn along their pathway to entrap their unwary feet and drag them down to everlasting ruin.

If this humble work should be the means of saving one young person from falling into habits which would ruin his prospects for health, prosperity and happiness in this life only, I will feel that I have been amply repaid for my labor of love. But I presume to hope that at least some one who reads this may be brought by it to see the beauty of holiness and be lead by it to remember their "Creator in the days of their youth" and "to seek the wisdom that is from above, which is first pure, then peaceful, gentle and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy"; and that they may enjoy the great happiness which comes alone to those who can claim the promise of both the "life which NOW IS, and of that which IS TO COME."

CHARTER II.

Honor Thy Father and Thy Mother.

Bible.

Some angel guide my pencil while I draw,
What nothing else than angel can exceed,
A man on earth, devoted to the skies;
Like ships at sea, while *in*, *above* the world.
With aspect mild, and elevated eye,
Behold him seated on a mount serene,
Above the fogs of sense and passion's storm:
All the black cares and tumults of this life,
Like harmless thunders, breaking at his feet,
Excite his pity, not impair his peace.

Young.

George Pulse was born in Virginia, near Smithfield, December 23, 1794, and died April 7, 1888, aged nearly 94 years.

Eliza Bonwell Pulse was born in Bracken Co., Ky., February 25, 1809, and died January 15, 1889, aged nearly 80 years.

In this sketch of the lives of my parents, I can in almost every instance, connect them in the narrative, and speak of them often in the plural, as their lives were so closely interwoven and their aims and aspirations so nearly the same.

My great grandfather Pulse and wife were German, and came to this country where, in Pennsylvania, near old Lancaster, their son, David Pulse, (my grandfather), was born March 12, 1766.

My great grandfather Fry and wife were also German, and came to America where, in Jefferson Co., Virginia, their daughter Sarah Fry, (my grandmother), was born March 10, 1769. She and David Pulse were married October 14, 1788. On October 6, in the year 1817, they, with George Pulse, (my grandfather), with his first wife and one child and all of their large family, removed to near Hillsboro, O., where all being farmers who were married, selected and bought farms on which many of them resided several years and some of them remained until removed by death.

Grandfather's farm was about two miles west of Hillsboro, near father's, and after father sold and bought another one in the western part of the county, grandfather soon sold his and bought one adjoining father's where he spent the balance of his years. One of my earliest recollections is when these beloved grandparents moved near us, of whom I had no remembrance of having seen before. Grandfather lived until I was about 11 years old, and grandmother until after I was married and had become a mother. So I have many pleasant reccollections of them both, but more especially of grandmother. Both lived to be very aged. One of the very earliest recollections I have of them is when for the first time I staid all night with them (over fifty years ago) and grandfather, before retiring read some of God's word, then they sang together and then knelt down and after having prayed he asked grandmother to pray:

she did so, and as I had never heard my mother pray at the family altar, it was something strange to me, but I remember I thought it was a beautiful sight to see the dear old grandparents thus joined together in worshiping God. O, that all would fully realize, that

"Prayer ardent, opens heaven, lets
Down a stream
Of glory on the consecrated hour
Of man in audience with the Deity."

And that

"A Deity believed, is joy begun;
A Deity adored, is joy advanced;
A Deity beloved, is joy matured."

During the whole of their long lives, they were noted for their upright, christian integrity and devotion to the church. They had been Lutherans until after hearing the Methodist doctrine expounded, when they became members of the M. E. Church and remained such to the day of their death. I doubt if any person ever strove harder to live in accordance with all of the doctrines and usages which were peculiar to the church at that time, than they did.

They had born unto them 14 children, nearly all of whom lived to be grown and I think all became worthy members of the M. E. Church and died in the faith. All married, except one daughter who died a few years ago at about 80 years of age. Her devotion to her aged parents was beautiful to behold. Solomon I think, might have said of her, "many daughters

have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all". She made their home not only a pleasant and comfortable place for her beloved parents, but for all of their children and grandchildren and friends to visit them. Their house and father's were not more than a hundred rods apart, but I remember that there was a refined dignity, a sedate gravity about them which seemed to preclude the possibility of such familiarity as sometimes exist between different branches of the same family, where they reside near each other. I do not remember an unkind word from either of them to us children, and we consequently had no fear of them; on the other hand, we had great love for them, yet we seemed to have a natural, reverential awe of them when in their presence, though on occasion they were very cheerful for persons of their age and would relate many a funny anecdote and laughable incident of their lives, varied to suit old or young. I recall with great delight the many evidences of their thoughtful kindness and tender love toward myself and my brothers and sisters, whom they seemed to love nearly as their own, as we were the children of their only living son, except one, John Pulse, who had married and gone West, and they consequently saw him but seldom. They always seemed to be very proud of our father, whom in their old age and feebleness, they seemed to look up to as a child does to a father, trusting implicitly in his judgment and council. They both had better education than most country persons of their age had in those days, and were

very fond of reading, even after becoming aged, as they were at the time of my earliest recollection of them. Grandfather never became very helpless or infirm, either in body or mind, and his last sickness was of short duration. He died Sep. 8, 1849. They had both always been of very robust health and strength. Grandmother lived several years after his death. She lived to see the fifth generation and could say to her daughter, "Arise, daughter, go and see thy daughter's daughter, for thy daughter's daughter hath a daughter." Her bodily strength failed more than grandfather's, and she was quite helpless for some months before she died, but I think none ever considered her to have become weak minded. She came to her second sight a considerable time before her death, and it was a lovely sight to see her sitting near the door in her old arm chair on a summer's day as we passed by her house returning from church, intently reading one of Wesley's sermons without the use of spectacles. She and grandfather no doubt enjoyed reading those sermons after they were too feeble to go to church, more than we did hearing the words of the pastor. They were both possessed of rare, good common sense and intelligence, which was re-enforced by that wisdom "which cannot be gotten for gold; neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof. No mention shall be made of coral or of pearls, for the price of wisdom is above rubies. God understandeth the way thereof. And unto man he said, behold, the fear of the Lord,

that is wisdom, and to depart from evil, is understanding." So they came down to their graves at a good old age and in great peace. Grandmother died Sep. 8, 1859.

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.

After their death, there were none by the name of Pulse living in this state except the daughter before mentioned and father's family and the descendants of a brother of grandfather who came to Ohio when grandfather did, and settled near Rainsboro, where I think there are only three of the name remaining at this time.

Father had a brother, John Pulse, who married Nancy Jones and in early life moved to Warren Ind., where they resided until death; to them were born three children, two dying young. He was a very prosperous farmer, and he and his wife were highly honored and respected by all who knew them, for their upright, christian character. At his death he left quite a handsome estate to his only son and heir, Silas Pulse, who still resides there and is a prominent merchant and land holder in the oil regions. He married and has five daughters, four of whom have married and changed their names; so himself and one daughter (his wife having recently died) are the only ones by the name of Pulse living there.

Father's sisters married and have large families by numerous names scattered over different states.

When they came to Hillsboro, there were but few houses here and they were mostly rude log houses. The one owned by Mr. Lemon, which was torn down recently, I have heard spoken of as being one of them. The M. E. Church had only been organized about eight or nine years. I think the Presiding Elder who was here when they came was the second in the district, and Dr. William Runyon was the last Presiding Elder entertained by father and mother in their home and whose meetings at their church they rarely if ever missed, even at father's extreme age. Dr. Runyon said he thanked God that in his providence he had been sent to their charge and that he had been permitted to hear their grand testimony to the goodness of God and the glory of Christ's holy religion and its power over the hearts and lives of his followers, after having tested it so long". But few persons can more composedly, eloquently, or with greater pathos, arise in the congregation and declare their firm belief in the gospel as being "the power of God unto salvation, to every one that believeth it", than they did to the end of their lives. They really enjoyed religion, and yearned for the salvation of the souls of others; and sang "with the spirit and with the understanding", these words:

"I love to tell the story,
Of unseen things above;
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love;
I love to tell the story,

Because I know 'tis true;
It satisfies my longing
As nothing else can do."
"I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best
Seem lingering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when in scenes of glory
I sing the new, new song;
'Twill be the old, old story,
That I have loved so long."

The longer they lived and the more they experienced the reality of the religion which they professed, the more earnestly and zealously did they endeavor to impress the truth upon others, both by the words of their mouths and the deeds of their lives. What a priviledge for servants of God, who delight in his service as they did, to be spared to carry the banner of Christ through so long a warfare, and to see so many glorious victories and not a single defeat, (though not accomplishing so much as they desired). And they were always in the vanguard, never shunning what they considered to be their duty.

My maternal great grandfather Bonwell and his wife came from Scotland to Westmoreland county, Va., and their son, (my grandfather), Arthur Bonwell, was born in Northhampton County, Va., about the year 1770, and died about the year 1823.

My great grandfather Tollman and his wife came across the sea before the Indian War. He served in

that war and the Revolutionary War and was present at the capture of Cornwallis. He married Mary Ann Potter, and to them were born six children. Their daughter Susan was born about the year 1775. She was married to Arthur Bonwell, my grandfather, about the year 1800, and died about the year 1823. Soon after their marriage they moved from Virginia to Kentucky, and then to Georgetown, O., in the year 1810. Losing her parents at an early age, mother came to Hillsboro, O., to make her home with her married brother, John Bonwell.

Hillsboro was at that time a small village. Jackson's Spring, which I have heard her speak of frequently, (she having picniced there with her young friends), was quite out in the country at that time, while now the corporate limits extend at least half a mile beyond it. Mother was what the world would have called the child of misfortune. But the poet says,

"The Good Can Never Be Unfortunate."

And surely it is true, for if the Lord is on our side who or what can be against us. And his promise is that "All things (and that takes in all of what we call misfortunes which befalls us) All things work together for good to them that love the Lord". She was left an orphan at an early age and, after her parents' death, the executor of the estate, after getting all moneys into his hands, suddenly disappeared and was never seen nor heard of again, and as he had always been an honest and upright man, it was feared

he had been murdered. His securities had gone on his bond without expecting to have to pay it, and as it would have impoverished them, and they were highly respected neighbors with families dependant upon them, mother's brothers and sisters, with the true christian generosity and philanthropy which characterized their father (exhibited in liberating his slaves, thereby losing a large amount) released them from their bonds, and were thrown upon their resources. Mother, being one of the youngest of the children, had not had the advantages of school (even such as there were in those days) that her older brothers and sisters enjoyed, and after their financial trouble, not having the means to further prosecute her studies and being a healthy young woman of a very independent disposition, she determined to never become a burden to her married brothers and sisters, though they would willingly have shared their homes with her. Knowing that they did not need her help and that their own little families depended upon them she, having been taught to spin as was almost every girl in those days, went out into families and spun in order to support herself. One of her scriptural mottoes through life was, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." So as this seems to have been the best thing that offered itself to her, she gratefully accepted it. Although she had high appreciation of learning and regretted exceedingly her being compelled to give up school in order to be self-supporting, she never felt that she was at all dis-

graced thereby, even if she was only capable of doing that which was not very remunerative. At that time there were few calls for teachers or sewing girls and only those who were qualified got such positions. Type-writers and stenographers were not yet evolved from among those who were dependant upon their own exertions for support. Fortunately for her, the self-respecting girl who had to make her own living, was not looked upon in those days as she is by a great many now, but her chance in the battle of life was more equal with those more fortunate.

The sharp winter of misfortune that fell upon her did not cause her to lose her faith in herself nor her trust in God's providence. She had wonderful faith in his visitations of trial upon his fellow creatures, and that he had good and wise reasons therefor, so she submitted with grace to this dispensation. What a blessing it was that the bent of her whole life had been given her by the christian instruction of her godly parents who were spared to her only about 14 years.

And, "Religious instruction derives its efficacy not so much from what men are taught to know, as from what they are brought to feel." When we see its effects upon the lives of those who are governed by it, we are led to exclaim with the poet,

"And thou religion, soul-transforming flame,
Let earth thy power, let heaven thy praise proclaim:
Whoe'er possessed of thee, could wish no more,
And without thee, a Croesus must be poor."

Mother said that when she came to Hillsboro a poor girl, knowing that quite likely by telling that once she had known what it was to abound, as she now knew what it was to be abased and that her parents had once had slaves to do their bidding, she might obtain some little recognition that she could not otherwise expect. Unfortunately then, as now, society made a difference in the treatment of the poor who were once rich, and those who had never known prosperity. But she said that she never mentioned that her father had been a slave holder, feeling that it would seem like glorying in what she considered a sin of her forefathers and something to be deplored. She said she sometimes thought that their financial trouble might have fallen upon them as a judgment from the Almighty on account of the sin of slavery by which her ancestors had been cursed, as she believed. Yet she also believed as she loved the Lord, that he would cause it to work for her good according to his promise. One of her favorite Scripture texts was, "Now, no chasening for the present seems joyous, but grevious; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peacefnl fruit of righteousness unto them who are exercised thereby." In connection with her conscientious scruples, she had a natural innate refinement and true diguity, precluding the possibility of her putting all her troubles on exhibition before strangers, knowing too well that but few have any sympathy for another's woes or trials. Every heart in a greater or less degree has its own bitterness, each

thinking they have enough of their own to bear instead of obeying the Divine injunction, "Bear ye one another's burdens." Occasionally, some are found who are largely exempted from the pains, sorrows and disappointments which are in some manner the common lot of all, but even then such are often too much taken up with the business or frivolities of this life to give a moment's notice to the suffering of others. She never believed for a moment that she or any one was disgraced by engaging in any honorable work, since labor had been dignified by the Lord of Lords and King of Kings becoming a carpenter. Talmage says, "In all the ages of time no one ever had such a hard time as Christ while He was on earth. Brambles for His brow, expectoration for His cheek, whips for His back, spears for His side, spikes for His feet, contumely for His name." She could from the heart exclaim with the poet,

"No more repine, my coward soul,
The sorrows of mankind to share,
Which he who could the world control,
Did not disdain to bear."

I have read that the ancients used to think that pearls were formed by drops of rain falling upon the surface of the sea, and thus becoming hardened sank to the bottom where they were afterward found to the gladdening of the heart of the possessor.

So deluges of sorrow and trial have showered imperishable pearls into the lap of many a young man and woman, in the form of both temporal and spirit-

ual blessings. I have no doubt that misfortune, (as most persons would call it) brought out and developed in her, many lovely christian traits and habits she would not otherwise have possessed.

"As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day."

The Manna, which is designated in the Scriptures as "Angels food" and "bread of heaven", did not fall from heaven upon the famished Israelites in the broad glare of the noon-day sun, but after the darkness of the night had settled down upon them. Washington Irving says, "I have often had occasion to mark the fortitude with which women sustain the almost overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the gentler sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character that at times it approaches sublimity." Mrs. Browning says,

"The honest, earnest man must
Stand and work;
The woman also; otherwise
She drops
At once below the dignity of man,
Accepting serfdom.
Free man, freely work;
Whoever fears God, fears to sit
At ease.
Let us be content, in work,
To do the thing we can.

And not presume
To fret because it's little."

I instantly think of mother whenever I read those delicately beautiful lines of Tennyson's:

"One,
Not learned, save in gracious household ways;
Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants;
No angel, but a dearer being, all dipped,
In angel instincts, breathing paradise."

Happy he with such a mother!

"Faith in womankind beats with his blood, and
Trust in all things high comes easy to him;
And though he trip and fall,
He shall not bind his soul with clay."

Both father's and mother's parent's families were Methodists of a very strict type; mother's father's house was for many years a regular preaching place, for it must be remembered that at that time houses built expressly in which to worship God were very scarce. This was one of the pleasant recollections mother had of her father's home. Mother's parents also had fourteen children and I think every one of them who lived to the years of accountability (and nearly all of them lived to be old) became worthy members of the M. E. Church, showing the influence of christian training and example.

Mother joined the M. E. Church when about nineteen years of age, and father when twenty-two. Before their marriage they were identified with the society in Hillsboro which worshiped in the old log

church house, the only members of which are now living whom I remember hearing them speak of as having worshiped with them are the Rev. Mr. Maddox, Mr. Thomas Zink, (who tells me father was his first school teacher), and Mrs. Eliza J. Thompson.

Father's parents were able to give him very good school advantages for a farmer's boy in those days, and he obtained a good education and taught school for several years in his youth.

CHAPTER III.

"It Is Not Good For Man To Be Alone."

Bible.

"How welcome was the call,
And sweet the festal lay;
When Jesus deigned in Cana's Hall,
To bless the marriage day."

— *Sir Henry W. Baker.*

Father married the first time in Virginia to Elizabeth Harper. To them were born five children, three of whom died young, the other two, (a son and daughter), lived to marry. The son died of fever at the age of 39 years, leaving a wife and six children. The daughter, with her husband and their three married daughters, is still living.

Father buried his first wife in Hillsboro. In 1831 he married my mother, Eliza Bonwell, and they moved on to the farm known, after they had sold it, as the Gibson farm, about two miles west of Hillsboro. They lived there a few years and still worshiped with the congregation in Hillsboro in the old log church. Mrs. E. J. Thompson was my half sister's Sunday school teacher whom she dearly loved as such and remembers fondly yet; and no doubt but what that noted woman's influence, as a christian Sunday school teacher, had a great deal to do in forming the strong

religious character of this pupil of hers, who has been a blessing in so many ways to the community in which she has lived so long. From the day of her marriage to the day of her death, mother never knew what it was to lack for truest love and kindness, or for any of the real comforts of life. If ever there was a marriage made in heaven, I think their's was. Father, being left with his two motherless children was led, no doubt, by that wisdom which cometh from above to select the one for his companion and to be a mother to his children, who had been developed in the school of adversity, which more often than any other, brings out the finest qualities. Content with the love of God and the love of each other, they started out on life's journey undismayed at the thought of what the future might have in store for them, if only they might be permitted to travel all the way side by side. If ever there was a wife who obeyed the command to "love and reverence your husband", it was mother. And if ever there was a man who obeyed the command, "Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church and gave himself for it", father did. Their affection for each other was proven to have been,

"The love that cheers life's latest stage,
Proof against sickness and old age.
Preserved by virtue from declension,
Becomes not weary of attention;
But lives when that exterior grace,
Which first inspires the flame, decays."

Entering into the matrimonial state with one so congenial and in every way so fully worthy of her love, and upon the duties of consecrated motherhood to her little motherless step-children at so early an age, had I have no doubt, a sweet and sanctifying influence over mother. Thus early in life she was led to learn the important lesson of highly prizing time, and of utilizing it to the best advantage, and in this way her sterling character was still more strengthened and builded up.

Every heart hath its bitterness; so their sweet song of life had in it minor strains, and they would sometimes be under the shadows for a time, but as their greatest sorrows and trials seemed unavoidable, they would flee for the healing of their wounded hearts, to their holy sanctuary of devotion, where the tumultuous cares and trials of this life would be forgotten. With true christian fortitude they would resolve to emerge from beneath the somber shadows into the bright sunlight of God's love and promises, realizing that every day has its joys and pleasures as well as its sad and heavy burdens, and that "All things work together for good to them that love God". They believed, what the bible teaches, that it is necessary to be "diligent to know the state of thy flocks; and look well to thy herds, for riches are not forever, and doth the crown endure to every generation". So by industry and economy (such as Wilkins Micauber recommended to David Copperfield, saying, "Copperfield, my boy, one pound income, expenses twenty

shillings and six pence, result, misery; but Copperfield, my boy, one pound income, expenses, nineteen shillings and six pence, result, happiness.") they early secured and maintained all through their lives a competency; and "reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense, lie in the words, health, peace and competence." "A competence is all we can enjoy. Oh, be content, where heaven can give no more."

They considered the prayer of Agur a very wise one; "Give me neither poverty nor riches: feed me with food convenient for me, lest I be full and deny thee, and say, who is the Lord? or lest I be poor and steal, and take the name of my God in vain," and the words of the poet also, who says,

"He that holds fast the golden mean,
And lives contentedly between
The little and the great; feels not
The wants that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues that haunt the rich
Man's door, imbittering all his state."

They believed that the rules of their dear church were founded upon the scriptures and were perfect; and none were more strictly adhered to by them than the one prohibiting the taking up of goods without the probability of paying for them. They never tried to soothe their consciences with the thought that there was a bare possibility, but before taking up goods for which they could not pay immediately, they had to feel certain that they would be able to pay for them, and even then they very wisely shunned debt. For I

believe that they would rather have parted with their right hands, than to have wronged anyone out of a dollar. In this world, so full of heartless dishonesty where often persons will dress grandly and ride in fine carriages, living in fine houses, attended on all sides by servants,all of which are paid for with money justly due their duped creditors, who, in consequence are compelled to work hard and deny themselves necessities. How grand in comparison is the contemplation of such true and faithful honesty of those who started out in life (and maintained to its close) the determination to "owe no man anything, but to love one another."

In the year 1833 they sold their farm near Hillsboro and bought one near Lynchburg, and moved in a rude, log house, such as were on all the farms in that whole region of country at that time, with the exception, I think, of one only, that of Michael Stroup, (about two miles from them) who lived in a large, fine, brick house. Milburn, speaking of such frontier homes, truthfully says, "Around these cabin homes of the wilderness, God's angels came to bestow their benediction. In the tranquillity of homes such as those there was often to be found quiet peace unknown at courts. The inmates were generally blessed with good health, sound sleep and good appetites; and their daily labor was not more tiresome to them than the labors of dress, the receptions of the great, the fatigue of amusements, and the very idleness of the rich, whom, if we knew all about their

bodily weaknesses which have been brought upon them by their indiscretions, we would pity rather than envy."

"Health gives to life, high or low its zest;
'Tis appetite that seasons our repast."

The narration of no incident in their lives ever gave us children more delight than when we would sit and listen to them telling of their experiences in this old log house which stood for many years in the yard after being deserted by them, and served for us to play house-keeping in. We spent many happy hours by its big, old wood fire-place and in racing over its spacious loft, access to which was by a ladder. They lived in this humble home a few years while building a good commodious brick house in which I was born, just fifty years ago.

As has been said, father joined the M. E. Church and was converted at the age of twenty-two. I have heard him speak of how, before he joined the church, he had fallen in with evil associates who, no doubt, would soon have led him away from the christian instruction and principles which his parents had endeavored to impress upon his mind and heart. This was a source of great concern to his godly father and mother, and no doubt would have caused his ruin; for "That the temper, the sentiments, the morality, and in general, the whole conduct and character of men are influenced by the example and disposition of the persons with whom they associate, is a reflection which has long since passed into a proverb and has

been ranked among the standing maxims of human wisdom in all ages of the world." But his parents had cast their bread upon the waters, and with faith in God they expected to see it again. He did not go on in the course he seemed to be choosing for himself until his conscience had become seared as with a hot iron, but he yielded to the impressions of the Holy Spirit which spoke to him as it did unto Solomon: "My son, know thou the God of thy fathers; and serve him with a perfect heart and with a willing mind. If thou seek him, he will be found of thee; but if thou forsake him, he will cast thee off forever".

It was on the dancing floor that he was convicted, and he said the change in his feelings and desires was so great that he determined to yield to what he fully believed to be the influence of the Holy Spirit, and to spend his young and best days in serving God and doing good; and in the cultivation of his mind, instead of dwarfing it by spending the seed-time of his life in frivolities and wickedness.

Soon after this he gave his heart to God and his name to the church, as did mother also, near the same time, and they marched under the blood-stained banner of King Immanual without a single halt, until the Lord said, "It is enough; come up higher." It has been said, "Were man but constant, he were perfect."

"When Nature's children by simplicity, are nursed
And taught, Oh truth Divine! by thee,
To fortitude, through early hardships bred,
And at frugality's plain table fed;

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And tutored by the humanizing nurse
To purer pleasures, and to nobler veins;
No passions can prevent, or fears control,
The settled purpose of the stead-fast soul.
While the fair prospect of immortal joys,
To shining baubles, sinks earth's brightest toys."

Well would it be for all young persons to begin God's service before any evil habits become fixed upon them, for it is said, "custom is second nature". Pythagoras, the philosopher, is said to have given to his disciples this admirable precept: "Pitch upon that course of life which is the most excellent, and custom will render it the most delightful." The Holy Spirit can do a great deal for a sin besmirched soul who truly seeks cleansing, but the habits which have been formed in early life will either be a great help or a great hinderance all through their christian pilgrimage, physically, mentally and spiritually. "The bird whose wing has once been broken can never again soar so high."

Parents cannot be too zealous in urging their children to "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth, before the evil days come".

"Thou tempted one just entering
Upon enchanted ground,
Ten thousand snares are spread for thee,
Ten thousand foes surround;
A dark and a deceitful band,
Upon thy pathway lower;
Trust not thy own unaided strength

To save thee from thy power."

All should be urged to seek that "wisdom which cometh from above", so that they may have God who created them and knows all about their weaknesses and frailties to help and guide them in the formative periods of their lives. For to all who desire and ask his help he says, "I will guide the with mine eye", and "I have given him Christ for a leader."

It is rather a remarkable fact that the large families of both my grandparents' (each having 14 children, nearly all of them living to be very aged) were from their youth upright, christian men and women and lived and died in the faith, as far as has ever been ascertained. All married christian companions, I think, except three or four. I knew all of father's brothers and sisters and they were all of unblemished character. I never saw but two of mother's brothers and two of her sisters. One brother, Nathaniel Bonwell, and one sister, Hannah Stayton, lived and died in Ohio; I knew them both well and loved them dearly. One brother, John Bonwell, and one of her sisters, Mary Brook, who lived out West, visited mother, and we came to know and love them well.

Aunt Mary Brook, after the death of her husband, Josiah Brook, made us an extended visit; we would all have loved her for our mother's sake, but we soon learned to love her for her own sweet sake, for she was just such another sweet spirited, sensible, christian sister as we would have expected mother and Aunt Hannah to have. She greatly endeared herself

to all of her Ohio relations. She was the mother of the Rev. Charles A. Brook, Presiding Elder of the Layfaette, (Ind.) district. There were several Ministers in the two families.

Uncle John and Uncle Nathaniel both married Quaker ladies, the Misses Stafford; (I think they were sisters) and though raised a strict Methodist, Uncle Nathaniel left his church and became one of the friends. And whether it was on account of the influence that their quiet and meek-spirited wives had upon them or not, I do not know, but it seemed to me that they were so mild and gentle mannered that they surely did "Think no evil" as they certainly shunned "the very appearance of it." Mother never saw the rest of her sisters after they moved away. The last one of both the families of her's and father's parents died a few years ago, and all being christians, no doubt parents and children, thirty-two in number, are reunited in unbroken families in the Paradise of God. Oh, what a record is this! How much grander than if, lacking in christian integrity their names had all been enrolled among the list of earth's greatest warriors and had been renowned for worldly wisdom, wealth and valor.

Persons may become famous for bravely battling for the rights of others and even to emancipate slaves, while they themselves may be abject slaves. Blair asks, "Is that man free, let his outward condition be ever so splendid, whom his imperious passions detain at their call, whom they send forth at their

pleasure to drudge and to toil and to beg his only enjoyment from the casualties of the world? Is he free who must flatter and lie to compass his ends; who must bear with this man's caprice and that man's scorn; must profess friendship where he hates, and respect where he contemns; who is not at liberty to appear in his own colors, nor to speak his own sentiments; who dares not be honest lest he be poor? Believe it, no chains bind so hard, no fetters are so heavy as those which fasten the corrupted heart to this treacherous world; no dependence is more contemptible than those under which the voluptuous, the covetous or the ambitious man, lies to the means of pleasure, gain or power. Yet this is the boasted liberty which vice promises as the recompense of setting us free from the salutary restraints of virtue." When the dicipies came to the Saviour so much elated on account of having found that the evil spirits were subject unto them (and surely this was greater fame than ever has been achieved by any earthly warrior) Jesus said unto them, "Rejoice not that the evil spirits are subject unto you, but rejoice that your names are written on the Lamb's book of life." He was acquainted with both worlds and knew how transient and fleeting was terrestrial fame, "that our days were as our hand's breadth" and that all earthly enterprises are bounded in that small space, and even earthly bliss was not for a moment to be compared with the eternal bliss of heaven; and knowing too, the awful doom of the lost, he asks, "What shall

it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul." But it is impossible to gain the whole world, or even perfect enjoyment in it for any considerable length of time. What gave us great pleasure in our youth ceases to amuse and loses its charm as we become more mature; and as we design and plan, age advances swiftly, with its slighted premonitions of dissolving nature, until it overtakes us with its accompanying infirmities, when, if there is nothing to look back upon but a mis-spent life of folly and pleasure, "neglecting the great Salvation", it is realized, when to late to remedy, that body and soul have been bartered, not "for the whole world", but for a very small price and "they have pierced themselves through with many sorrows."

CHAPTER IV.

"Be Ye Not Unequally Yoked Together With Unbelievers."—*Bible.*

"Could I my wish obtain,
My household, Lord, should be
Devoted to thyself alone,
A nursery for thee."

—*Ryland.*

Often the work and influence of a christian father or mother in their home and outside of it, is counteracted and greatly hindered by the unbelieving companion.

Such was not the case with my parents. Mother was one of the most faithful helpmeets that ever a husband had, in both spiritual and temporal things, always readily seconding father in every good word and work.

"Their fears, their hopes, their aims were one,
Their comforts and their cares."

And often husband and wife, where both are christians, are so different in temperament that the manifestations of their love for God and his church are very different.

But father and mother were as a unit in all church work, and in almost everything else. One was no more anxious to attend every service at the house of God than the other. They were alike in liberally giving to all the benevolences of the church, according as God prospered them; and one was just as ready to aid their minister in time of revival work, in prayer, testimony, or altar work, as the other, and I think one was equally as efficient as the other. I feel certain that I never knew husband and wife so nearly like Paul exhorts all to be, "Perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgement", as they were.

Some one has wisely said, "A man must give his mind to his wife, and a wife must give her mind to her husband, as well as the heart if they are to make a success of it." St. Peter describes the ideal of marriage in these words: "Heirs of the joy of life together."

It is heart-sickening to all pure minded men and women to read the accounts of the numerous applications for divorce in these days and the broad assertion made by some, that marriage (which was divinely ordained of God, and which is one of the wisest and most benevolent of all his wondrous works) is a failure. It is not true. Such a wedded life as father's and mother's brings into disrepute and scorn this assertion of miserable and paltry souls. Lives of near sixty years of such constant love and trust as they extended toward each other, shine out over our gloomy

earth and brighten it, as the moon and stars light up the dark heavens.

The trouble is there never was true marriage in God's sight in most, if in not all, cases where afterward divorce is sought. "A loveless marriage is as illicit as a liaison."

Where the matrimonial state is entered into as it was by father and mother it cannot prove a failure, for God sanctions and blesses all such marriages.

"The fools spurn hymen's gentle powers,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below."

With God's benedictions resting upon them as they did, it is not strange that father and mother always recommended marriage to all young people; but they always counseled to never be unequally yoked with unbelievers, and never begin to associate with one for whom we could not have the most perfect respect; then, if true love sprung up, all would be well, rich or poor. I remember the identical words mother used on one occasion when talking to me on this subject when I was a young woman. She urged me "To always shun the company of tipplers, and scoffers of our holy religion, as their hearts were false and their hands would lead to ruin." She had such an impressive manner when speaking to her children on any serious subject in particular, that it had an al-

most irresistible influence upon them in the direction she desired. More than forty years have intervened between that time and this, yet it seems like but a year or so back; and the very cadences of the tone in which she spoke seem to be vibrating on my ears today. If parents could all realize how every sentence which falls from their lips may possibly be stored up in the minds of their off-spring to be recalled after the lips which framed them shall have turned to dust, I suspect that they would be more guarded, often-times, in what they say.

Father and mother never claimed to be perfect—they had their faults, (and who has not?) and I think none were more sensible of them than they were. Never, I think, did I ever hear them testify in church, (and I think they never failed to do so when opportunity offered), but what they deplored their unfaithfulness and unprofitableness, and said their only hope of mercy and salvation was through the merits and intercession of their redeemer, and not through any worth or merit of their own. It seems to me though, that if there ever were persons who could have trusted in their own good works to save them, that my parents might have done so; but to the last supreme moments, as all along the journey of their lives, their diffidence, no doubt, caused them to look upon their lives as having been very unprofitable, and caused father to say over and over again on that last night, "my trust and confidence is in my Saviour", while his sufferings were so great that he could say but lit-

tle else to anyone.

They were both given to royal, christian hospitality, which was exhibited at all times, but especially in the early years of their lives at times of quarterly and sacramental meetings, which people for miles around would attend; they would sometimes, as I well remember, take dozens home with them and feed them and their horses, in order that they might enjoy the priviledge of the love feast services in the afternoon; and mother always made such elaborate preparations the previous week, that I cannot remember a single instance when she or any of her daughters or hired help missed a single service, when well. They always religiously planned ahead for the expected and longed-for time of protracted revival services, so that they might go day and night to help the minister all they could, by singing, praying, and testifying, and pointing sinners to Jesus of Nazareth as he was passing by "as the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world." They considered revival services, when all the church, with one accord, would set apart a certain length of time to devote to the effort to save sinners, as a "time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord upon his people;" also, a "set time for God to favor Zion", and they would willingly yield all temporal interests and comforts for the time being to the interest of their never dying souls and those of others.

Our church was over half a mile from us, and it was often too cold to take our horses out and let them

stand as long as the night meetings would last, but it was seldom too cold, or muddy for them to walk to church, through snow, or mud, over the rough corduroy road, and to have all their household do the same. And dear father and mother kept up this settled, church going habit, as long as they lived, when able to go. They also were regular attendants at the Sabbath School, being teachers, I think, all of their lives, when able to attend. Thus, through their trust in God, and in his word, which assured them that, "if any man sin, he hath an Advocate with the Father, even Jesus Christ the righteous", they were enabled to maintain a consistent, and elevated walk; letting their light so shine, that others seeing their good works, and that their chief aim in life, was to love God, and work for the up-building of his church, and the good of humanity, were also constrained to glorify Him.

Faithfully and firmly did they oppose all manner of evil doing and I think none, exerted a better influence in their community; as their daily walk and conversation corresponded with their profession, and consequently they had the love and confidence of their neighbors in a high degree. It is true, I doubt not, that there never lived a person with such unblemished character, as to be exempt from the attacks of persons of rashness, or malice; or that a person is likely to live long in this world without enemies, who would through anger, or censoriousness, throw their character in the darkest shade possible, for as a dear friend is apt to exaggerate one's virtues, an enemy is,

their faults; but with such, they were lenient, and always strove to think the best possible, and to judge them in the spirit of charity; and as "far as in them lay, to live peaceably with all men", ever remembering that, "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stirreth up anger."

I do not believe they ever had an enemy, in the true sense of that word, and I believe had as few in any sense, as any who ever lived as long as they did. With persons, between whom, and themselves, there ever arose unavoidable misunderstandings, they strove to bring about a reconciliation, and were deeply grieved when it could not be readily accomplished. They were always ready to forgive, on the slightest signs of relenting, of one who had in any way injured them. They believed that our common failings, and shortcomings, should prevent us from being inexorable to those of others; and that a revengeful spirit should never be indulged for a moment; that of all the passions, none were more fatal to the peace of mortals, than the harboring of this one in the soul; and that it was sure evidence, of a weak and small mind, while nothing was more noble, and magnanimous, than being superior to this direful spirit, in striving to imitate the illustrious example of Christ, who so readily forgave his worst enemies, and prayed his father to forgive them also. They were both very sympathetic and affectionate in their dispositions. But I think mother was possessed of the most acute sensibilities, of any one I ever knew; so much so, that to behold

sorrow, was almost as painful to her, as it was to the real victim. So that her tender heart was often pierced by the anguish, and distress of others. The poet Miss More speaking of the sensitive person says,

Let not the vulgar read this pensive strain,
Their jests the tender anguish would profane:
Yet these some deem the happiest of their kind,
Whose low enjoyments never reached the mind:
Who ne'er a pain but for themselves have known:
Nor ever felt a sorrow but their own:
Who called romantic every finer thought,
Conceiv'd by pity, or by friendship wrought.
Ah! wherefore happy? where's the kindred mind?
Where the large soul that takes in human kind?
Where the best passions of the mortal breast?
Where the warm blessing, when another's blest?
Where the soft lenitives of other's pain,
The social sympathy—the sense humane?
The sigh of rapture, and the tear of joy:
Anguish that charms, and transports that destroy?
For tender sorrow, has her pleasures too:
Pleasures which prosperous dullness never knew:
She never knew in all her coarser bliss,
The sacred rapture of a pain like this.

But mother's sensitiveness to sorrow, (as it is generally in the case of all such individuals) was counter-balanced, by her greater capacity for enjoyment; for she was just as much more affected by pleasing sensations, than others less sensitive were, as she was by painful ones.

I think she came as near following the injunction, "Rejoice, with them that do rejoice, and weep, with them that weep," as any one I ever knew.

As a rule, it seems easier to weep with them that weep, than rejoice, with them that rejoice. For it is indeed a hard hearted person, who is not touched in some degree, by the woes of another, but envy comes too often between the one rejoicing, and the one beholding it. But she, dearly loved to see others happy and enjoying themselves, in all innocent ways, and with the means of gratifying every rational desire. They were both possessed of vigorous minds, but very diffident of their abilities; always governed by great modesty and simplicity, in manners, and dress; mothers idea of a well-dressed person being, "That cleanliness was next to godliness", and then, such neatness, and simplicity combined, that the attire would not attract attention, either for lack of good taste, or for too great a display; earnestly striving to follow the ideal pattern given in God's word (and one of the rules of her church) which teaches, "That women should adorn themselves in modest apparel, not with braided hair, or gold, or pearls, or costlyarray, but (which becometh women professing godliness) with good works."

"And to let everything be done decently and in order."

What a blessed thing it was for mother that her parents had consecrated her to the Lord, and that her religious instruction, had not been neglected, in the few years they had been spared to her on earth; for as, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom", then none can be wise without that foundation.

So too, none but the good can be wise. Some one has said "That to spend a life of disinterestedness, and self-sacrificing love, is the divinest education on earth." Such persons with but a common, or indeed without any other education, are far in advance of many a pampered son and daughter of wealth, who has graduated with high honors from Yale or Harvard College, but had neglected the "one thing needful." Job says "Acquaint now thyself with him," and the poet says,

"Acquaint thee, O mortal,
Acquaint thee with God;
And joy, like the sunshine
Shall beam on thy road:
And peace, like the dewdrop,
Shall fall on thy head.
And sleep, like an angel,
Shall visit thy bed.
Acquaint thee, O mortal,
Acquaint thee with God:
And he shall be with thee
When fears are abroad.
Thy safe-guard in danger
That threatens thy path:
Thy joy in the valley
And shadow of death."

But, unfortunately, what is wisdom in God's sight, is too often foolishness with men. "For to be wise in our own eyes, and to be wise in the opinion of the world, and to be wise in the eyes of our Creator, are

three things so very different, as rarely to coincide."

Mother had the highest appreciation of learning, and determined with her indomitable will, to make use of every available opportunity for increasing her little stock of knowledge. John Wesley was her favorite writer, and he had said "It cannot be that the people should grow in grace, unless they give themselves to reading. A reading people will always be a knowing people." And another has said "To need the books one reads, and to read the books one needs, this is the soul of culture."

She was passionately fond of reading, and sought the very best books and periodicals she could obtain, and found time, little by little, to read a great deal, and all through her life this was one of her great delights. William Wordsworth says,

Books we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good,
'Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime, and our happiness will grow.

When the cares of her family would hinder her from reading, she would have father, or one of us children, to read aloud to her, if at all practical, and it was a great pleasure to him, as well as to us, to do so, of long winter evenings, while she would be tending baby, or found it necessary to ply the knitting, or sewing needle; or twirl the beautiful linen thread through her more beautiful fingers, as she almost noiselessly, would sit and spin on her little wheel,

the thread with which the sewing for the family was done. Oh, that I had the pen of a ready writer, to express, what I feel, as I recall the lovely fire-side pictures that stand out so vividly before me! Surely, the children of such parents as I had must, "Arise and call them blessed."

Mother always kept abreast with father in the knowledge of all the current topics of the day, and being a fine listener to others when talking, and a remarkably close observer in everything, one rarely sees a woman with finer conversational powers, or with a better vocabulary, or one who speaks the English more correctly. And a more retentive memory than hers, is seldom possessed by anyone. She could come as near repeating a sermon, or speech she had heard, or book she had read, as any person I ever knew I believe. Eternity alone can reveal the good influence father and mother exerted all through their long and useful lives; but especially in the earlier times, when society was in its formative period, in that new settlement, where so many rude customs had to be changed, before the hearts of the people, would be ready to receive the good seed of the word, and bring forth its fruits, even as the ground needed clearing of the trees, and rubbish which encumbered it, before it would produce the needed sustenance for man's bodily health and comfort. Father was appointed class-leader at the age of twenty-seven years, and filled the position for over sixty years, and even after he could not, on account of the infirmities of

age, meet with his class regularly, they would not listen to his resigning, but still considered him their leader. He was also Conference steward, and I do not remember of his ever being too busy, or of the weather ever being too bad, for him to attend every meeting, where he was expected, if his health would permit, and it seldom hindered.

I am glad that I was born, and lived in the country in the early days of the Methodist Episcopal itinerancy. The preachers generally made our home their stopping place; I suppose partly on account of our parents being the oldest members of the church in that neighbor-hood, and partly because of their royal hospitality, to the extent of their ability, as well as their congeniality. At that time, with the labor which devolved upon the farmer and his wife, there was not as much time for social intercourse, as would have been very pleasant to my parents, who were naturally very sociable, so the fellowship they enjoyed with these preachers, and their wives, were very delightful to them both, and they always looked forward to their coming, with pleasant anticipations; and I do not remember of their ever being too busy to be ready to receive them cordially on Saturday evening, as they nearly always spent the night before preaching with them.

We children too, were always delighted to see the old, or the young ministers, as the case might be, drive, or ride up, and come in, carrying his saddle-bags on his arm, in which were stored, what seemed

to us, a little library of books; knowing that quite likely father would buy one of them for us to read; and that there was a very delightful evening in store for us, for we never seemed to tire, listening to the conversation between them, and father and mother.

We always had great love, and respect for the minister, as he was held up to us by our parents, as being our example in everything; for they were to them, always the true ministers of Christ, unless they were positively proven to be unworthy. They considered any mistakes they made, to be of the head, instead of the heart; and any criticisms of their words or actions, which were indulged in by the older children, were gently, but firmly rebuked, with the injunction, "To speak not evil of ministers, or magistrates." I have no doubt but what the minister's influence for good, over their children, is often injured, at least, by indiscreet remarks of parents about him, in their presence, and then they wonder why he cannot influence them, to come into the church, which they are so anxious to have them do. We are commanded to be, not hearers only, of the word but doers also; but some fail to do, because they fail to hear. If ever there were hearers of the word, father and mother were.

They felt deeply, their need of every help, during their earthly pilgrimage, and they would say, one would get just what they went to church for; if it was to be fed with the bread of life, their hungry souls would be wonderfully satisfied, even though the preacher might be a very ordinary one; and conse-

quently, when some one would complain of the sermon having been a very dry one, they would say, there were a great many good things said, which we would do well to ponder, and much good, practical advice given, we would do well to take. I think they had as great reverence for God, and his church, and its ministry, as I ever saw exhibited in any person, minister or layman. They really hungered and thirsted after righteousness; knowing that the most wholesome and appetizing food that could be procured with the wealth of a Cræsus, could do us no good, except we had an appetite for it, so the word of God, which is the bread of life, must be ardently desired, as well as to realize the need of it, before it will cause us to grow in grace, and in the knowledge of God, "Unto a perfect man, unto the measure, of the stature, of the fullness of Christ."

Those ministers, of whom I can remember back in the forties, were, like the husbandman, stalwart, and robust, for they were inured to exposure, and they endured hardships, as good soldiers, obeying the command of the captain of their salvation, as far as they could, "To go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

The Methodist itinerancy found its way into every new settlement, waiting not for it to become wealthy enough to keep them in luxury, but often, during father's early life filling nine or ten appointments on a salary of two or three hundred dollars; even when having a wife and two or three children to support.

And it is no disparagement to the ministers to say this, as they often had fine ones, some of whom afterward became very eminent. Lyman Beecher, although becoming so famous afterward, first preached at a country church, far away from any city or library, on a salary of $300 a year, and that was not all paid at once, nor always paid at all. Will anyone say then, that such men, and women, as father and mother, were not fulfilling a noble mission, in laboring to hold up the hands of these men who stood on the walls of Zion? I well remember when a quarter of a dollar was considered the proper quota for a common farmer to give quarterly to the church, but soon, that was found insufficient, to carry on its work efficiently; and, as the country became better cleared up, and more productive, it was thought proper, to ask the church members, to increase the amount, according as God prospered them; but it was not so easy to get them to do it. They said they thought quarterage meant a quarter, and no persuasion could move some of them from the rut into which they had fallen.

It was father's and mother's rule, to give always in everything pertaining to the church, as much as he thought he could spare, and after seeing everyone of the members of his class, and getting all they were willing to give, he would make up to the minister whatever deficiency there was, if he thought he could possibly afford it, believing that he would be none the worse off financially "For he that watereth shall be

watered himself.'' There is, that scattereth and yet increaseth; and there is, that with-holdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty'', are truths that they fully believed.

Among the ministers of my earliest recollection, were some who afterward became quite eminent in the church. I will name a few of the earliest who were frequent visitors at father's house, some of whom often brought their wives and children with them. Gatch, Ellsworth, Baker, Smith, Dunlap; Presiding Elders, Dustin, Clayton, Vancleve, Kendal, J. M. Walden; and later Zink, Maddox, McHugh, Head and Maxey. L. M. Davis was their minister when father died, but with whom, father was able, at his extreme age, to labor faithfully in the Lord, not a little, in his dear old church.

I will here give some extracts, from a letter to me, from brother Davis, since father's death. He says, ''I think it was in the year 1886, [two years before father's death] that I was sent to the charge of the Lynchburg circuit, and soon after I was on the work I went to the home of your father and mother, and had the pleasure of forming their acquaintance. I felt that their home was surely a christian home, and that of the best type. At the time that I was with them, they were advanced in years, and yet faithful in their christian duties. They were very seldom absent from the church when we preached there. Their presence in the audience was always a great help to me in my work of the Lord. I do not know that I

ever had the privilege of being acquainted with an aged couple, that were more helpful to me in my work than your father and mother. Their memory lingers in their old home church and community like some sweet fragrance. I had the privilege of being with your father in his last hours, and it was a benediction to me, and his friends to witness his faith and victory in his last moments. Although far away from the old home, where he closed his life, I yet in mind, look back and see it as it once was. Words are too feeble to picture their beautiful and pure lives."

Bishop Walden was sent to our circuit I think in the year 1859, soon after his entering the ministry. Father and mother did not wait until after his sermon, to bestow their praises, but when some complained of the conference having sent them a rather green young man, they said that they considered him a very bright, and intelligent young man, who they believed would make his mark in the world; and they lived many years after the general conference proved their correct judgement, by electing him bishop. The eccentric Field was also one of their ministers, back in the fifties, the stories, of whose eccentricities, preceded his arrival, and we children were on tip-toe with excitement, and curiosity, to see what he might say, or do.

It was told of him, that once after preaching for the first time on a new circuit, he went to stay over night with a brother, and the hostess, on going out to milk, told him to make himself at home; and as he wanted

a drink he went to the cupboard, to get a cup, and finding it in considerable disorder, he went to work, taking out the things, preparatory to giving it a good cleaning, when the lady appeared upon the scene, and demanded of him an explanation, when the only reason he gave was, that she bade him make himself at home, and if he was there, and their cupboard needed cleaning as much as he had found her's needing it, he would certainly have done, as he was about to do with hers. And at another time and place, it was told of him, that the lady where he was stopping had said the same to him, when leaving him alone; and when she returned, she found him with some salt, sprinkling it over the ashes, in an old-fashioned wood fire-place, and in answer to her inquiry, why he was doing it, he answered that he thought it would be a pity to let so many good ashes spoil; meaning to rebuke her, for leaving so many in the fire-place, which neat housekeepers never did, notwithstanding the fact, that they imperiled their prospects for good lye soap, by removing them too frequently, before they were well burned.

Father and mother were slow to believe any such slanderous reports, about their minister of course, but as I have said, we children were on tip-toe to see what he would do. If my memory serves me correctly, mother saw to it that our hearths and cupboards were in splendid order.

Well, he came, and on this first visit he made us, he did the only thing I remember of his ever doing,

that was particularly eccentric, and this, I would hardly dignify with that name, a better one I think would be, to call it, a lack of good breeding. Mother took the candle off the mantle to snuff it, (lamps were scarce at that time) to cause it to burn more brightly; but first she touched the tips of her fingers to her lips, to moisten them, when he abruptly asked her why she wet her fingers? She of course was embarrased by such an unexpected question from a stranger, whom she saw for the first time, just a few minutes before; and of whom she had heard such ridiculous stories, so she replied, that she believed she could give no reason; that it was a habit she had formed; when he said "Don't you know that it is more likely to burn you, than if you would snuff it with dry fingers?" But he added dryly, "if you want to burn your fingers, it is none of my business." Of course it rather amused us children, but at the same time I think we came nearer feeling indignant toward him, for his rude familiarity with our dear mother, and she near fifty years old, and an entire stranger to him, than we would have thought possible before that, for us to have been toward a minister. He was a very good man, and a fair preacher, and was liked very well by his people, but I think men with such propensities, should make it a study, to overcome, instead of cultivating them, in order that they may be approved, and have the best possible influence.

I saw the Rev. E. McHugh a few days since, and said to him, that I expected, he remembered my

parents, and when I told him who they were, he exclaimed "Oh don't I remember them! I shall never forget their kindness, shown to me in their home, and the many good meals I have eaten there, and how your father, when he found I was a poor young man, having no horse, headed a subscription list, and went around, and raised enough money to buy me one."

I suspect the young, and inexperienced preachers found few, if any, who were more kind, considerate, and forbearing, or more ready to lend a helping hand, than my parents were.

Memory, with a vestals chaste employ
Unceasing feels the lambent flame of joy,

as it enables me to secall incident after incident, connected with my parents' lives, and my happy childhood home; but although I can scarcely refrain from noting everything, yet I know it would not be nearly so interesting, even to you my dear grand-children, for whom I particularly write these memoirs, as they are to myself.

Nothing pleasing, which a child's memory can recall, in connection with their parents, whose voices, and pulses, are stilled forever, and whose loved forms, are molding back to its mother earth, can seem insignificant to them.

The very first hymn I ever learned, I think, was at the family altar, where after calling all the children into the room, father would read to us, a portion of scripture, and then, he and mother would join in singing this one, which I do not remember seeing

since, or of hearing it sung by any others.

"The day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear,
Oh may we all remember well,
The night of death draws near.
We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest,
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possessed."

After which he would kneel down and commend us all into God's keeping for the night.

"Lo! kneeling down to heaven's eternal king
The saint, the father, and the husband prays;
Hope, springs exultant on triumphant wing,
That thus they all shall meet in future days,
There ever bask in uncreated rays.
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear,
While circling time moves round, in an eternal sphere."

CHAPTER V.

GIVING ALL DILLIGENCE, ADD TO YOUR FAITH VIRTUE, AND TO VIRTUE KNOWLEDGE, AND TO KNOWLEDGE TEMPERANCE.—*Bible.*

"Mourn, for the thousands slain
The youthful, and the strong;
Mourn for the wine cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.
Mourn for the ruined soul.
Eternal life, and light,
Lost, by the fiery, maddening bowl.
And turned to hopeless night.
Mourn for the lost, but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall
And to the refuge flee."

—*Unknown.*

As they highly prized their own health, and the ruddy glow of health on the cheeks of their children, were more beautiful to them, than the finest rose of garden, and knowing that health "consists with temperance alone", father and mother "let their moderation be known to all men", in all things, and recom-

mended the same divine injunction to us, and all others. Their idea of temperance was the accepted one of the W. C. T. U. of to-day, "Total abstinence from all things harmful, and the moderate use of all things helpful."

The farm, upon which father moved, in 1833, was but little cleared, and was nearly covered (as was also all the surrounding country) with heavy, green timber; which proved to be a trial of father's christian integrity, and temperance principles; for it was the custom in those days, to chop down the green timber, and ask all the neighbors to come and help roll the logs together, in great heaps, to be burned, to get them off the ground, in order to till the land. Soon after moving into the neighborhood, father was asked to thus assist a neighbor, which he gladly did. It was also the custom there, as in almost all places in that day, for men to take a dram of whisky as often, at least, as they took their regular meals.

Another writing of those times says, "The abstainer was put upon the defensive, and sometimes flatly accused of gross discourtesy, and often found his pastor opposed to his views, either openly or covertly; almost all the colleges, had liquors at the commencement, and other banquets, and to propose a wedding feast, without wine, would have seemed most unreasonable." "Deplorable as the situation still is, it is vastly better than it was then, when statesmen were often little better than common drunkards, and great lawyers, were frequently public spectacles."

At such a place as a log rolling, it was thought to be indispensable by a great many; so, at this one, after working hard until all began to feel the need of a short rest, they sat down, when the whisky was passed freely around; but when it was offered to father he gently, but firmly declined drinking; which caused sneering glances, and remarks from the company, which were well understood by him. Some of his best acquaintances told him, he would have to give up such fanatical notions as that, if he expected to remain among them, and expected them to help him clear up his farm, as they believed it would be impossible in that neighborhood, to get men to help him, without conforming to their custom. Although one of the mildest men I ever knew, yet his principles had been established upon rational, and sober inquiry, and were not to be shaken by the cavils, or scoffs, of the skeptical; or threats of the evil inclined.

So he was at that time, as all through his life, as firm as the rock of Gibraltar, to his convictions of right and duty; and he told them, he knew it would be almost impossible for him to clear up his farm without their assistance, by exchanging work with him, but he would have to get along the best he could without their aid, if they required this of him, for he had conscientious scruples about putting the bottle to his neighbors' lips, that he never expected to yield; and that he would not disregard the words of God, saying, "Woe! unto him that putteth the bottle to his neighbors' lips". So, as may be readily con-

ceived, it was with some misgiving, that he asked them to help him at his first log rolling, as some of them seemed offended at the stand he had taken. But to his pleasant surprise, they all turned out to a man to help him, and what was still better, they all showed the respect they had for him, by seeming, not to notice but what his treatment of them was according to custom. Those who felt that they could not work without their dram, brought their bottle with them, hidden in their bosoms, but would slip behind a tree, to take a drink, so as not to be seen by him. Solomon says, "When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him." As this was among his first dealings with his neighbors, in that community, it might be called the index to his character ever afterward, as a private citizen. For the same strict christian integrity, was the rule of his whole life. He always lived above the reproach, of even his enemies, (if he had any, which I doubt). He was always the champion of truth and justice in both public and private affairs. Brave and courageous to go at any, and every call of duty, and to assail with sound reasoning, every wicked and dishonorable thing, unselfishly studying the welfare of others, as well as his own, and was rejoiced to know, that he was able to exert some little influence for good, or in any way, conducive to their happiness, or prosperity in this life, as well as in the life to come. And I doubt not, eternity alone, can reveal the good influence he had over many of those tipplers, but alas

others, who considered themselves but moderate drinkers then, became afterward confirmed drunkards, dying comparatively young, and leaving broken-hearted widows, and bequeathing to some of their children, depraved appetites, and passions, which in some instances, carried them too, to an early, and dishonorable grave. I do not remember a single man, who was considered a drunkard, or even a tippler, even of my own age, who did not die years before my father did, and such men, of something near his own age, have been dead so long, that they have almost been forgotten, by all, but their sad relatives; while father lived to such a good old age, raising four sons, all of whom are still living but one, (the eldest, who died of fever, at about 39) all becoming members of the M. E. Church, none ever having formed the habit of drinking intoxicating liquors, or of using tobacco. By some, it is considered bad taste I know, to draw such comparisons. But it is well to sustain theories, by facts, when possible.

I think it would hardly have been possible for any of my brothers, to have been persuaded to drink intoxicating liquors, (not having the hereditary taint,) for from our earliest child-hood, drunkenness was held up to us by both of them, as one of the most terrible of all sins, and we were urged to remember God's warning to "Look not thou upon the wine, when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." "Who

hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine."

And we had, unfortunately, evidences around us, as there are every-where, of its devastating, and ruinous effects, and we could plainly see the contrast, between those who were total abstainers, and even the moderate drinkers, and it had the effect of causing us all to shun it as we would have shunned a viper. And as example, is always worth more than precept, we had that advantage, for it was never used for any purpose by father, or mother, or in our home, except as medicine prescribed by their physician, not a pint of whisky, wine, or brandy, ever being used by mother in her cooking; (and O such mince pies, puddings, and sauces, as she could make.) and all this too, when neither of them had ever known anything of the sorrow, and horrors, of drunkenness, in either of their father's families.

The following incident from an exchange is very saggestive: "They all put brandy in them," said one. "They all don't," said another. "My mother has never put a drop of brandy into her mince-pies, since the day Bob said he could taste the brandy, and it tasted good. Mother said then it was wrong, and she never would be guilty of it again. And if mother says a thing is wrong, you may be sure it is wrong; for what mother knows, she knows." How about mince-pies? Are you sure she knows how to make

pies good?" and a laugh went up from a group of girls gathered around the register of the recitation room eating their lunch. But some of them winced a little when back were tossed these words: "If she doesn't, she knows how to make a boy good; and isn't a boy worth more than a mince-pie?"

No doubt, but that the strong, and vigorous bodies, and minds of my parents, and their longevity, and that of their ancestors, were due in great measure, to the strict temperance principles of their families, for generations back; and not only they, and their parents, but nearly all of their brothers, and sisters, lived to be very aged. Although I said their strong, and vigorous bodies, yet father was not a real rugged man, in his youth. Mother said that when they were married, she had grave fears for his health, as he seemed to have a rather delicate constitution, and his digestion was rather weak, but with his splendid habits, aided by her tender care, and watchfulness, his health gradually improved; but her anxiety for him was never relaxed, and she was always guarding, and warning him, of his being in a draught, or suggesting his taking overcoat, and umbrella, when starting on a journey, and very careful in the preparation of wholesome food.

Another custom in their neighborhood, and which was common at that time everywhere, was that of visiting on Sunday. They had some excuse for it I suppose, at that early time, for otherwise they would have had but little leisure for forming the acquaint-

ance of their nearest neighbors, as they were kept so busy through the week, as to allow them but little time for social intercourse. But it was father's rule when time arrived to start to church to ask his visitors to go with him, and if they would not, he would say that he hoped they would excuse him, and enjoy themselves the best they could while he was gone, and that he would be back as soon as possible, but go to church he must. But dear mother, who loved the services of God's house just as much as he did, could not get out of staying at home and getting dinner for them; although,

"Religion had her heart, her cares, her voice,
'Twas her last refuge, as her earliest choice;
To holy Anna's spirit, not more dear,
The Church of Israel, and the house of prayer."

But it was not long before their neighbors found out this church going habit of theirs, and that they remembered the Sabbath day, to keep it holy, and showed their respect for them, by visiting of week days, and attending church themselves on Sunday. It was mother's rule, to provide on Saturday, for the Sunday's dinner, and she would no more have asked her hired help, to break the holy Sabbath, by staying home from church, and preparing an elaborate dinner, than she would have done it herself, but the hired girls, were always urged to attend S. S. and church, and they always did, and I think she never had hired help that did not become a member of the church if she was not already one, if she staid with

ler any considerable length of time. And I do not remember of father ever being so busy, that he did not shave on Saturday sometime, if it was not until after dark, and if he could not have done it on Saturday, I do not believe he would have shaven on Sunday, nor would it have kept him home from church. Notwithstanding the advanced grounds they took against drinking, gambling, horse-racing, and dancing, all of which were prevalent in those days, there were none more highly respected in all that region, than they were, even by all such persons. Both he, and mother, were always ready and willing to do all they could, for the alleviation, of sorrow, sickness and suffering, around them, and especially was mother skilled in doing this. And this is a gift that should be earnestly coveted by all.

"Ask God to give thee skill,
In comforts art:
That thou may'st consecrated be,
And set apart
Unto a life of sympathy.
For heavy is the weight of ill
In every heart,
And comforters are needed much."

Though such a busy woman at home, with her wifely, and motherly cares, yet on short notice, she would drop everything, to go at the call of a neighbor in case of sickness, or death, to strive to help, and comfort the dying, and the bereaved, and was one of the most helpful, and sympathetic nurses. I

ever knew. She was, as the poet says,

"Alive to every tender feeling,
With soft compassions sweetest tone;
When parched with thirst, with hunger wasted,
Her friendly hand refreshment gave.
How sweet the coarsest food has tasted,
What cordial in the simple wave;
Her courteous looks, her words caressing,
Shed comfort on the fainting soul."

Another poet says,

"What is the real good?"
I ask in musing mood.
"Order," said the law of court;
"Knowledge," said the school;
"Truth," said the wise man;
"Pleasure," said the fool;
"Love," said the maiden;
"Beauty," said the page;
"Freedom," said the dreamer;
"Home," said the sage;
"Fame," said the soldier;
"Equity," the seer.
Spake my heart full sadly,
"The answer is not here."
Then within my bosom
Softly this I heard:
"Each heart holds the secret,
"'Kindness', is the word."

In the year 1851 there was an epidemic of cholera.

in the little village near where we lived, and the proportion of deaths, to the population, was greater, it was said, than in Cincinnati; where, it was terribly fatal, at that time. There had been no cases in the surrounding country yet, and it was hoped, that by careful quarantining, the terrible scourge might be kept within the limits of the village. It was an entirely new experience in the State, outside of the large towns, and cities. Persons in cities, become somewhat familiar, with scourges of epidemics, and consequently, they lose some of the horror attending their first visitations in a community. It was during harvest time, that it was raging in our village. And I remember that persons who were helping father in his harvest, had to pass through this village, to get to our home, and they would tell us nearly every morning of the death of persons, who had been in perfect health on the day before. It was dreadful to hear them tell of the death of persons, with whom they had conversed the day before, seemingly in perfect health. Young and old were alike stricken, and succumbed in a very few hours, to the terribly fatal, (and as it was considered by most to be) contageous disease. It is not to be wondered at, that strong men's hearts failed them, for fear of the "Noisome Pestilence" that walketh in darkness, and for the destruction that wasteth at noon-day; though, when God saw that it was necessary to enter into Judgement with the Israelites, on account of their sins, and he mercifully gave David "choice of three things,

whether they should be punished with seven years of famine, or to flee three months from his enemies, while they pursued him, or three days' Pestilence, in the land." David said, "I am in a great strait; let us fall now into the hand of the Lord, for his mercies are great; and let me not fall into the hand of man;" and he chose the pestilence. No doubt if God had only given him two choices, those of war for three months, with the enemy in pursuit, or famine for seven years, that he would have chosen, the famine, knowing the great mercies of the Lord, and his power to make the soul supremely happy, though the body might be famishing with hunger, rather than to fall into the hand of man, "whose inhumanity to man, has made countless millions mourn."

While the epidemic was at its worst, one night we were awakened by a messenger, who said, that Mrs. Jane Keelor, one of the members of father's class, was dying of cholera, and wanted him to come and pray with her. She was one of those fearless, brave-hearted women, who did not cease from her duty of taking care of the sick ones, long enough, to be afraid of contracting the awful disease herself; but went bravely, and constantly, among them, (living some distance from the village in the country) doing her best to save them, and when she failed in that, then she would wash, and robe them for the grave, and in this way she was an angel of mercy to many of the poor stricken ones, who often would have suffered much more, if it had not been for her kind, and lov-

ing ministrations.

But at last after holding out, until her friends hoped that she might be going to prove invulnerable to the disease, she succumbed to it. All honor to her memory.

Here was another strong trial of the christian faith, and courage, of father and mother. Father said he believed it to be his duty to go, but as there was a large family of us, whose lives might be jeopardized by it, he said he would leave it to mother to decide. I well remember that she prayed God for grace to help them to do what was right, and to spare them in the discharge of their duty; and tearfully commending him, and all of us, to our merciful, heavenly father, told him to go. I imagine I can almost hear now, the sweet whispering accents of her voice in prayer, after he had started, and she thought no doubt we children were asleep, in blissful ignorance of our possible danger. She no doubt felt,

"Safe in his power, whose eyes discern afar,
The secret ambush of a specious prayer."

And I believe that prayer was heard, and answered, in our behalf. Father went some two or three miles, in the late dark hours of the night, and prayed with, and consoled the dying woman the best he could, and she became calm, before she passed into the great hereafter, to her glorious reward. He came home, trusting, hoping, and praying, that the family might escape contracting the dread disease. And after imploring his mercy, and committing all into the hands

of Him "Who, whatever he does, he does the best," he both laid him down, and slept in peace. And although a great many in, and out-side of the village, died with the scourge, only one of our family had, what the doctor thought possibly, was a slight attack.

When father first moved into the neighborhood, there was no church building near them; but they had preaching, regularly, at certain private homes every two weeks, alternating from one end of the circuit to the other. Sometimes having to go three or four miles in road-wagons or on horse-back: as the roads were mostly what was called corduroy; which were formed right through the woods, by cutting down saplings, and laying closely together across the road; which in muddy times would bear up the wagon and horses, but they would have been altogether too rough for the use of buggies, such as are used now, upon our fine macadamized roads; consequently the children did not have the advantage, of those of this day and age, of attending Sunday-school and divine worship. But notwithstanding the fact that they had to go so far, yet no trivial excuse sufficed to keep them from attending every service. They believed that the two commandments, to labor 6 days in the week, and to keep the seventh holy, and on it to worship the Lord their God, was equally binding. They "Redeemed the time", both spiritually, and temporally and valued it highly, and what they did in their daily avocations, they did it, as unto the Lord, because it gave

them the means, wherewith they could be able to do more for his church and his poor; and they proved all through their lives that they could serve God faithfully and work for the interests of their own souls and the souls of others around them and at the same time not neglect the lawful interests of this world. But in times of revival work, which they believed to be a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, all temporal affairs were, as far as possible, laid aside and their time given unstintingly to the aid of their minister in his endeavor to persuade men to flee to the city of refuge and be saved. Before the eldest children were old enough to stay at home and take care of the younger ones, it was a very common thing to see the father riding a horse with a child astride up behind him and the mother with one behind her and one in her lap, on their way to hear the word of God proclaimed, three or four miles distant, even in extremely warm or cold weather. Many, no doubt, would consider such treatment of children cruel, but they, dressed suitably for the weather and such exposure and being used to such hardships (as some would call it), grew up to be more stalwart men and women than those of today who have so much tender care lavished upon them. Many times, no doubt before I could remember, was I thus carried in my dear mother's arms to the house of a Mr. Garoutte about four miles distant, where there was preaching once a month, alternating at the house of Mr. Anthony Stroup, which was on the other end of the circuit and only about two

miles distant from father's. I remember of hearing my parents speak of having attended church services at this house but I think it must have been before I could remember or before I was born as I have no recollection of it; but as "Uncle Anthony Stroup" (as he was called by almost every one in that community) was my half sister's father-in-law and she and her husband lived in a house in the same yard with them. I knew and remember him and his wife very well as they lived 'till I was a good sized girl. These two dear good old people are connected with my very earliest recollections. They had a fine Sugar Camp on their farm and we children, having none on our farm, generally visited our sister as often at that season of the year as we could obtain leave of absence from our parents, and sugar making time is one likely to be remembered as long as memory lasts. I remember quite distinctly how tender and lovingly indulgent these grandparents were to sisters little children, for whom they often cared, while she and her husband would be boiling down the sugar water and making the toothsome sugar, and taffy, and molasses. They were among the very first settlers in that part of Highland county, and were such grand christian pioneers, that if their works of love, and good christian influence, had been recorded, it would no doubt have made a grand volume. And I will gladly give a slight tribute to their sacred memory.

They owned a large, and a good farm, and were possessed of means to have built themselves, a tasty

and commodious house, but I suspect that they consulted not with flesh and blood, but, being devout members of the M. E. church, instead of building a more convenient house for their large family, they put the whole of the lower floor, of the main building, into one room, (I should think from my remembrance of it,) about 20 by 30 or 40 feet in size, with an immense fire-place to keep it warm, and then gave it to the church to use, as frequently as they desired, to have preaching in, or prayer, or class meetings, until the congregation was able to build a church. Their inflexible christian integrity, and devotion to God, and his church was rewarded by being permitted to live to see their children all grow up to be worthy members of their beloved church, though surrounded by temptation, and dissipated associates. Their sons were noted for their strict temperance principles, in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation.

Ah who will make light of the scriptural injunction "Bring up a child in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

The whole family have passed into the great hereafter (though they all lived to be very aged,) except my brother-in-law, Charles Stroup, who is 82 years of age, but he is a remarkably, hale and healthy, and well preserved man, never having had a doctor called to treat him but once since he became a man; and he never required the assistance of a dentist but 2 or 3 times, while to most persons, their teeth give them more pain, than pleasure. His father's God has been

his God from his youth, up to the present, and his whole life has been one of splendid habits, in accordance with the teaching of God's word, inculcated in him, by his christian parents, from his earliest recollection. He is considered by all of his acquaintances, one of the "grand old men" of that community:

"An Israelite indeed, and free from guile,
He shows that piety, and age, can smile."

For he is one of the most jolly, and good natured souls I ever saw. He and his beloved wife, are peacefully, and with confidence,

"Only waiting 'till the shadows,
Are a little longer grown,"

when they expect to join their dear parents, and the innumerable company, which no man can number, around the throne of God.

I remember hearing mother tell of leaving her youngest child once with her older brothers, and sisters, while she and father went to church at one of the neighbors houses, and, when they returned, their house was forsaken by the children, and she went out to look for them, but could see no one, and calling, received no answer, but while listening intently, she heard the cry of her baby, who was only about 2 years old, and quickly following the noise down a little path, which led to a creek, which ran through a marshy field, that had never been broken, the wild grass, and weeds, being nearly as high as a horse's back, there, holding on to a kind of water-gate, which was across the stream, (and over which she had often

carried the baby, when visiting, a sister,) was the child, screaming lustily; where, if she had fallen into the stream, she might have been carried by the current, down among the high weeds and bushes, and never have been found, as it is not likely they would have thought of looking for one so young to be in that place. Her older brothers, and sisters had gotten the child asleep, and had left her on the bed, and gone to a neighbor's house, to get their children, to come and play with them, never thinking she might awake, and wander away. I find myself asking the question, would I, or any whom I know, be likely to go very often to church now under such difficulties? I fear many a well meaning one would say, that Christ said, the time would come, when men would not have to go up to Jerusalem to worship, and that they could serve him just as well at home, under their own vine and fig tree; and 'tis true, the christian can worship God at all times, and all places, but it has pleased God, by the foolishness of preaching, to save them that believe the gospel, and it is therefore the imperative duty of professors to uphold the preaching of it, and God also commanded us to forsake not the assembling of ourselves together as the manner of some is, but to meet often, to reprove, and rebuke with all long suffering, and to so let our light shine, that others seeing our good works may be constrained to glorify God also. If these fathers and mothers in Israel, after tasting of the powers of the world to come, had hidden their light under a bushel, think

you that it is at all probable that there would have sprung up all through the country, as there did, so many churches with large membership? No, and they fully realized it, and the truth, "That no man liveth to himself alone," and that if any man would be Christ's disciple he must take up his cross and follow Him, denying himself.

M. G. Purkhiser, whose widow resides in our city, was sent at two different times, at intervals of about twenty-two years, to preach on our circuit. The first time was before I was born, when he preached at father's house, after they had built what was then thought to be a *large* house, and my sister, who was not yet married at that time, tells me that the house was packed with people for miles around, and that he preached a very fine sermon, though at that time he was a young and unmarried man.

This was the only time that preaching was held in father's house, for earlier than I can remember there was a good frame M. E. Church house built, within less than a mile of our home, which was the source of great pleasure to our parents, and to which their toils and prayers were given, 'till toils and prayers did end. And they saw the corduroy road, leading past their beloved church, give place to a good pike, as did also all the roads through their whole country, many years before their death. Before that I do not remember of its ever being too cold, or hot, or muddy, for father to walk to church, when well, (and all the rest of the family, if at all practical.)

when it was really *too bad* to take the *horses* out.

The first death of mother's children was that of my little brother, about eight years old, two and one-half years younger than myself, whose name was Beverly Waugh, given him by father on account of the great love he had for Bishop Waugh ever after his conversion under his preaching. He was a remarkably intelligent and a rather precocious child. He had started to school at, or before, six years of age, and learned so rapidly that he was a fine reader, and was studying grammar, geography and arithmetic, and was head in the first spelling class, in which there were several young men and women. It was the rule in those days for anyone to stay at the head of the class until he missed spelling a word correctly.

On the day of his sudden death father went in a wagon to mill, and brother drove the horses as far as to the school house, and went in, and after reciting a lesson or two, it was noticed he was crying, when our older brother went to him to see what was the matter, and he said he was so cold. After staying near the stove for some time and still complaining that he was cold, the teacher told him that he thought he had better let his brother take him home, but he seemed to hesitate to go, as he knew if he missed a day he would have to go to the foot of his spelling class. When the teacher insisted, he said if he would let him have his place at the head of the class again in the morning that he would go, and

the teacher promised it to him, and he was taken home and a doctor was summoned, but by evening, when father returned from the mill, he was speechless, and died before mid-night.

This being the first death in the family since father's and mother's marriage, and it so sudden and unexpected, and he being such a remarkably promising child, all combining with mother's delicate health at that time, made it a time of great trial to the whole family. He was a beautiful singer, and he and myself, on the last Sunday before he went to join the angel choir, built a big wood fire in a room to ourselves, and we sang, I think, at least two or three hours out of the same hymn book with our little heads close together, one after another of the beautiful songs of Zion. Though about fifty years ago, the time seems wondrous short since that last Sabbath we spent together on earth so pleasantly. A short time previous, at about the age of ten years, I had become a member of the M. E. Church, and in my great sorrow I was comforted with the assurance that I possessed, that if "faithful until death I would obtain a crown of life," and "One sweet day" I would strike the golden harp and join with him in singing "the song of Moses and the Lamb."

For about forty years there was not another death in the house, the next one being when father died. In that time, two married children had died, one my half brother, father's oldest child by his first wife,

John David Pulse, who died many years before father did, of typhoid fever, at the age of 39 years, leaving a wife and six children to mourn the loss of a noble and honored husband and father. He was a remarkably successful farmer. Being given a start of one hundred acres at the age of twenty-two years, he went on adding acre to acre until at his death, in 1855, he owned, I think, ten or twelve hundred acres of good and well-improved land, and at a time when such land brought a good price in his neighborhood. His remarkable business qualities began to develop when but a boy. They said that he was so industriously inclined long before he was a man that when there was any work to be done he would say to his father, "Come, let us get to work," and would take the *lead* in everything. But he had not neglected the one thing needful, but had sought and found the Lord in his early youth, and maintained a noble, christian character all through his short, but eventful, life, in all of his dealings with his fellow men. When he was brought low by sickness, it was not his *earthly* possessions that gave him comfort, but the assurance that he was heir to an inheritance that is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away reserved in heaven. He said that he regretted that the sordid things of earth had engrossed his thoughts as much as they had done; and snapping his thumb and finger together he said, "I would not give that for it *all*, now." He calmly took leave of his wife and children, parents and friends, and said "that

one moment in glory would make up for it all. "And he slept with his fathers." Our oldest sister, Margaret Pulse Stroup, died out in Kansas a few years before father and mother did, leaving a husband and six children, and several grand children, to mourn the loss of a good wife and mother. This was the sorer affliction to father and mother, because of its being impracticable, on account of their age, considering the distance which separated them, to be with her in her last extremity. It was their first child to be called to pass through the dark valley without having their tender ministrations of love. When this dear sister had been sick in Ohio she had been always within easy reach of father's, and mother had always been the first to hasten to her relief. When *any* of their married children, who lived near enough, were seriously ill their sufferings would be greatly over-balanced by the fond anticipation of more frequent visits from their parents, than they could otherwise expect, and in the knowledge that they would have the tender, thoughtful, nursing of mother, one of the very best of sick nurses. Who could apply the bandages, poultices and salves, so well as she? And who could prepare as well as she could do, the delicate and dainty morsels and dishes to tempt the failing appetite? And, oh, how hard she would try to brace up her delicate nerves, that she might be able, with more steady hands, to smooth and adjust the pillows beneath the aching head and calmly smile as she gave the medicines,

while beseeching God's blessing upon them. Dear sister, in her far western home, realized during her protracted sickness what she was missing by being so far from mother, though she had the best of attention of both her kind and loving husband and devoted children and neighbors.

Kipling knew how much a mother like ours was to her child, when he wrote these lines:

"If I were hanged on the highest hill,
I know whose love would follow me still—
O mother o' mine! O mother o' mine!"

"If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
I know whose tears would come down to me—
O mother o' mine! O mother o' mine."

Sister knew that she was not too far away for mother's sympathy and prayers and love to follow her. "But best of all, God was with her." For she had loved and served him from her youth, and she had his promises, that "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms;" and "The Lord will strengthen the true christian upon the bed of languishing, and make all his bed in his sickness."

Her husband wrote to us, that she said to him, "that she was ready to go whenever it was God's will to take her, and that she *had* been for many years." She told him to have her funeral preached from the 23d Psalm, "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want."

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

And she sent word to her relatives in Ohio to have it preached from the same chapter in the old church, which stands on the lot where she was converted in her early girlhood.

In this blessed happy state of mind she fell asleep "in the faith," after a lingering and painful illness, at the age of about fifty-six years.

As the daughter of Nathan Allen lay dying, she said to her skeptical father, "In the belief of whose principles would you have me die, in those of my christian mother, or yours?" The stern old hero turned aside and brushed away a tear, as with deep emotion he answered tremulously, "In your christian mother's, child." And after all that the most skeptical have said and done to try to destroy all faith in the scriptures, I doubt if there is any one so brutal, and lost to all the finer instincts of our nature, as not to *feel* at least, the same way if they will not admit it.

Our sorrow was great, but oh, how different from "those who have no hope." After receiving the word that dear sister, Margaret, was dead and to be buried in the wild prairie among strangers, without parents, brother, or sister near, the thought overwhelmed me with sorrow, for a time. Often in opening my Bible or hymn book, I say to myself, now the first verse my eyes fall upon, I will take as

though it was a providential thing, while at the same time I could not say that I really *did* believe in such things. But at this time while bowed down with grief, I glanced at my hymn book and said to myself as I reached to pick it up, now I am going to see if my eyes will *first* fall upon something that will be consoling to me; and as I opened it they immediately fell upon this consoling verse.

"Asleep in Jesus; far from thee,
Thy kindred, and their graves may be;
But thine is still a *blessed* sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep."

And I thought *surely* I ought to consider this a providence of God, in thus drawing my mind away from such sad thoughts to these precious words, and those of scripture which says, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

"Them also which sleep in Jesus, will God bring with him." "For the Lord shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel and with the trump of God, and the dead in Christ shall rise first, then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we ever be with the Lord." "Wherefore comfort one another with these words."

Dear sister would never weep again. She *had* shed many a bitter tear. Her beloved eldest son left home at about the time that he arrived at his majority, wandering from place to place, until he finally

went to the Black Hills, (I believe it was) to seek his fortune. He would only write home at long intervals, leaving the family in great anxiety and doubt, often for months, and even *years*, as to whether he was dead or alive. He had no bad habits to my knowledge, except waywardness, and this lack of filial affection for the parents who loved him, and had done so much for him. They lived to see their only daughter, and two sons married, and their other two sons about grown, and all good and prosperous christians, children for their parents to be proud of, and they were a great comfort to them; but my brother and myself visited them in their home a year or so before sister's death, and we thought it was plainly seen what this heavy weight of sorrow had done for them, especially sister. "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine, but a broken spirit drieth the bones." "A foolish son is a grief to his father, and bitterness to her that bore him."

Her devoted husband followed her to the grave in a few months, dying, as she did, in the triumphs of the faith he had professed when a boy, in the same old church where she was converted.

It had been a long time since sister had heard from this son, when I wrote to her of the death of our promising and beloved boy. She wrote back to us "to shed not a tear for the early dead, who had escaped the sin, and the temptation and sorrow of earth, and had been transplanted to that land "where there was no more sorrow." "She said it

was the living for whom we should weep."

So I read these lines over and over "Asleep in Jesus, *blessed* sleep, from which *none ever wake to weep*." And I thought of the many weary nights she had fallen asleep, no doubt, upon a pillow damp with her tears, for her wandering boy, from which she soon awakened only to weep again, for she was a very loving, tender-hearted mother. And I said, Lord, thou hast promised to wipe all tears from the eyes of thy people in heaven, and that there should be no more sorrow nor crying, then, help us to dry our tears *here* for our *holy dead*, and say in the words of the poet:

"But Lord our living—who, on stormy seas
Of sin and sorrow, still are tempest tossed!
Our dead have reached their heaven, but for *these*,
Teach us to trust thee, Lord for these, our loved
and lost!"

"For these we make our passion prayer by night:
For these we cry to thee, through the long day.
We see them not, O, keep them in *thy* sight!
From them and us, be thou not far away."

"And if not home to us, yet lead them home,
To where thou standest at the heavenly gate;
That so, from thee, they shall not farther roam:
And grant us patient hearts, thy gathering time
to wait."

CHAPTER VI.

Thou hast put gladness in my heart, more than in the time that their corn and their wine increased." "*The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage. Therefore, my heart is glad.*"—*Bible.*

"Not in a garb severe, with awful frown,
Does virtue sit on her resplendent throne.
Benign her form—gentle and mild her sway,
Thrice happy those, who her blest laws obey."
—*Flowerdew.*

Father and mother were not the one-sided christians, such as are found occasionally, who imagine that to be a true christian requires one to be silent, thoughtful, and morose at all times. God had given them happy and cheerful dispositions, and religion added *to*, instead of detracting *from*, them. They were both brimful of wit and humor, and had many a lively anecdote and story suitable for both their little children and grown sons and daughters. Especially was the meal time, when all of the family were in good health, a delightful one; as our parents never held their children off at arms-length from

them, as some parents whom I have seen, seem to consider it their duty to do; but they were always very familiar with them at all times. Many were the funny, but pure and innocent stories they used to tell at the table, believing that after returning thanks, and asking God's blessing upon the food necessary for the sustenance of our mortal bodies, it was our duty to do *our* part in order to promote healthful digestion; and knowing that nothing would be more *conducive* to it than cheerfulness while eating. Few persons enjoyed a good anecdote more, or could tell one better, than they; except that father had such a keen sense of humor, and could so readily see the point of a funny story, that it was hard for him to tell a ridiculous and laughable one, without laughing so much before the completion of it, that quite often we would all be nearly as much amused at *his amusement* before he got through relating it as we would be after having heard the story. There was not much danger of their children being tardy at the *happy, if frugal* meals.

Mother, especially was a girl among girls all through her life. But they both judiciously discerned between the time to weep and the time to laugh. They always seemed ready with "A word, which if fitly spoken, is like apples of gold in pictures of silver," and seemed intuitively to know, also, when the "silence which is golden" was required. They believed that we "dare not neglect the sober realities of life, for they are from God."

"Neither should we dare to neglect the brightness and happiness and joy of life, for they are from God just as truly." "The sun shines by God's will just as truly as the clouds sometimes intervene *between* us and the sun by His will." They believed that in every way it was the duty of the christian to strive to be cheerful, whether it was in accordance with the *natural* disposition or not.

As their little children came, one by one, they found a sweet, rare welcome, and there was no lack of needful, tender care. In times of plenty, or in times of scarcity, it was just the same, two brave strong hearts never failed to provide food and shelter and all that was *needful*.

"By angels watched, and hedged by prayer.
Their young lives grew, nor were afraid,
For love made sunshine everywhere."

"O, years too few
When life is new."

When we children were small (there were seven of us besides the half brother and half sister,) mother was a strong, healthy woman; and as Solomon says of the virtuous woman in the last chapter of Proverbs, "She sought wool and flax and worked willingly with her hands, and laid her hands to the spindle, and held the distaff, and looked well to the ways of her household and ate not the bread of idleness; she rose, also, while it was yet night and gave meat to her household and a portion to her maidens: (It

was the rule of their lives, when well, to go to bed at, or before nine, and arise about four o'clock.) She stretched out her hand to the poor, yea, reached forth her hands to the needy."

She really desired, not only as the utterly selfish do, to provide for her *own household*, (and Christ says "He that provideth not for his own household is worse than an infidel,") but that she might also be able to stretch out her hand to aid those in need. But notwithstanding her industry, and the great need of it, yet she was rarely so busy that she would not take time, at least of evenings, to assist us children in getting our lessons, and after that to enter heartily into the lively conversation, or amusement of the evening. Even father, who had been a school teacher, was not as efficient help to us in many of our studies as she was.

I remember when I began taking my first lessons in geography, and how discouraged I became when I first tried to commit them to memory, until mother, seeing my trouble, would ask me to read the questions and answers to her, and after hearing them read, which perhaps she had never seen or heard in that form before, she would repeat the answers almost verbally, which made me take fresh courage and persevere, until by great effort I would master them. And then, when I first began to write essays, I would go to mother and say to her, "Who *could* think of a *single sentence* to write on *this* subject?" She would then begin and talk straight ahead on

the subject with perfect ease and freedom of thought, which, if I could have written down and passed off as my own composition, I have no doubt but what I would have had a perfect grade. I do not believe I have ever been intimately acquainted with man, woman or child who was her superior in that line, even where their opportunities had been far greater, or one who was better qualified, in every way, to make a truly happy home than dear mother was.

I think I can enter fully into the feelings of the poet, in exclaiming—

"Ah! childhood's happy, happy hours,
Come back! and let me roam
Once more with birds, and bees and flowers,
Around my dear old home.

"Come, let me play my childish plays,
From care and sorrow free,
And know the joy of other days
Around my mother's knee.

"I long to sleep, when day is done,
Within my trundle bed,
Forgetting that to-morrow's sun
Will bring a spring-time fled.

"Bring back those days, those happy days,
O! bring them back to me!
And let us play, as once we played,
Around our mother's knee."

The lives of the farmer's wife and grown-up sons and daughters are not the dull, monotonous ones

which so many think they are, especially if

"Love dwells in the lowly cot
And heartless and empty, vain and cold,
Are sumptuous homes where love dwells not."

While father and mother believed that amusements should never become the business of life, which would be pernicious, they did believe they were very necessary for the relaxation of all, but especially the young; and they entered into and enjoyed all innocent diversions with their children, both the younger and older ones, with great zest. But they always gave us such counsel as, "To seek such amusements and diversions as would rest and strengthen the body and brain, instead of weakening and wearying them," which would make resistance to temptation easier instead of harder. Such as would increase our love for virtue, purity, temperance and justice. "That would give inspiration to, instead of stupefying the intellectual, and hardening the moral, nature, and to always ask ourselves the question, 'will they increase our respect for true manhood and womanhood, or will they diminish it?' But above all, 'would they draw us nearer to, or remove us farther from, the teachings of Christ and be to the glory of God,' " as innocent amusements undoubtedly may be, as they invigorate both body and soul, for whatever the hand or heart finds to do.

After the foregoing it is unnecessary to say that they positively would have prohibited their children

from dancing or card playing, if they had so desired; but I think it very unlikely that any child will ever desire these things who is brought up to look upon them as we had been by our parents—teaching us that though there were pleasures in sin, that it was only for a pitiably short season, and it would poison the soul to indulge in anything forbidden by God. They believed that discipline was absolutely necessary as the foundation for a useful and happy life, and that there was imperative need of tempering the vivacity of youth by the kind admonition of serious and thoughtful persons of age and experience, and that the earlier this discipline began, the better. They strove to impress upon their children, and others, that the critical time of life was the first eighteen or twenty years, and that habits of industry must be formed by that time, instead of the time having been given up almost entirely to sloth, pleasures, or amusements.

As I have said, they knew that amusements were essential, but we were not left to choose them entirely for ourselves. That question was settled for us by them, lest we might choose paths which they believed would so easily lead us away from all the christian instruction they had bestowed upon us. We all grew up to honor their opinions and heed their advice, and all became members of their church, which positively forbids such diversions as card playing and dancing, and, as far as I know, not one of us ever had the least desire to engage in them.

Fortunately, we had the larger part of the community with us, as, by the time I was grown, with as few exceptions as are generally found in any neighborhood, they were a church-going, temperate, religious people.

I never saw a deck of cards in our home, or in one of our brothers' hands or pockets, or in a single home I ever visited, to my recollection, and I never was at a ball in my life, yet I enjoyed life wonderfully. Of course, there were dances and card playing in some homes around us, but we no more expected to be invited to them, or to go, if invited, than I would expect it now. No doubt many imagine that such a life would be a very dull and monotonous one for the young, and they would wonder how the young folks could amuse themselves or become acquainted with each other. It is strange that different individuals see things so very differently.

Now, it seems to me, that those who play cards and dance *most*, have the least amusement, for it leaves so little time for any other. The dance never seemed to me anything but very hard work, and to be an expert at cards so engrosses the thought that there is but little opportunity for lively conversation. If these were the only opportunities afforded for becoming acquainted, and being amused, I believe we country folks had the advantage, even at our apple cuttings, and peach and apple butter boilings of evenings, when we amused one another with our tongues instead of our feet, and had a world

of fun, combined with making ourselves useful, at work, which was no more than play.

No, it must not be supposed that persons who have been brought up to look upon card playing and dancing with disfavor, have but little enjoyment. With these two things eliminated, all *innocent* amusements are open to them, which are enjoyed by others. "Where there's a will, there's a way," and *such* young folks *will* find a *way* to become acquainted and to be amused.

Back in the fifties, young people had been brought up to combine useful employment and pleasure, and they had really more time for pleasure alone, than persons who are not possessed with great means have now. We had our quiltings for the girls, and wood choppings for the boys, the girls generally managing to get the quilt out of the frames by dark, so as to have the room ready for all to spend the evening together. We also had our taffy pullings, and occasionally a strictly sociable party, where all work and care for the time being, was left in the background, and "joy was unconfined."

And then, it seems to me, there certainly were more sleighing snows, forty and fifty years ago, than there have been since. But *then*, the boys would only wait for a *hint* of sleighing snow, no matter if it *did* necessitate their having to go out into the woods every few days to get new runners for their sleighs. What did they care for *that*, in comparison with the *fun* they got out of it. Many a big

two-horse sled would start out with two or three brothers and sisters, and by the time they arrived at their previously appointed place of destination, it would be loaded down with boys and girls from the neighbors' houses, along the road, for it seems to me that the young folks, like the snow, were more plentiful in those days, than now, there generally being from six to a dozen children in each home. No matter if the thermometer indicated the temperature below zero, they would skim along, laughing and chatting in the exuberance of their overflowing spirits, which were liable though to be dampened, somewhat, at almost any moment, by someone's tormenting big brother, who seemed to take infinite delight in driving upon a sidling place, and overturning the sled, when all would be tumbled out into the snow, he looking as though it were an accident, though an intentional and premeditated act.

But, even this, (after some little fussing of the girls, who seemed to be very angry) only added to the general stock of fun and hilarity; for the country girls did not mind getting cold very much, nor were much afraid of it making them sick. As there were but few McAdamized roads, every girl and boy of note had a horse and saddle at their command, instead of using buggies. And many were the gay horseback parties, that would go quite a distance to church, or social parties. And then, as a matter of course, we had our weddings, (for in all that region, I do not recall a girl friend of mine who did not

marry young), and what is remarkable, I cannot remember one, who married a dissipated man, or one who became so *after* marriage. And not a single couple of my particular friends ever were divorced, to my recollection, (but since I have been brought to think of them, I remember that several, both men and women, have passed into eternity, and every one of them were consistent Christians, as far as I can recall). Sometimes the young folks of the whole neighborhood were invited to the weddings, and *then* there would be feasting and fun galore.

Father and mother were not puritanical enough to object to any such diversions as I have described, but would encourage us in them, as being healthful and necessary, while, besides the demoralizing effect they thought the dance had upon *some* persons, they considered the unhealthfulness of the exercise alone a great objection.

It was not many years before father, with the aid of his sons and hired help, had brought down with the sturdy stroke of his ax, one by one, the mighty forest trees, and,

> "The mellow earth gave forth his food,
> Where once waved lofty oak."

And he and mother could now, more often find time, while crops were maturing, to dine with a neighbor, or enjoy a picnic or social evening with their friends, and by it be the better fitted for the next day's labor. They always tried to not overtax

themselves, rarely failing to take time for a daily short nap, thus retaining the better, their strength, for necessary work.

Mother was fond of flowers, and set apart some little time to devote to them; even after her daughters were married, she still kept up some flower-beds and shrubs, which she delighted to tend herself. The old-fashioned holly-hocks, lilacs, pretty-by-nights, morning-glories, rose-mosses, touch-me-nots, sweet williams, pinks and pansies, rivaled each other under her care. No flowers look so sweet to me to-day as the old-fashioned roses did, which her beautiful hands had culled and tastefully arranged, in her old-fashioned vases and jars, and generously distributed through the house, when she was expecting a visit from me after my marriage.

It was the rule of their lives to do some reading each day if it was possible; and I think since I can remember, this was their greatest pleasure and recreation. They both retained their memories to the end of their lives—in a remarkable degree—and I have no doubt that their judicious selection of the books and papers they read, had a great deal to do in preserving them. The books and periodicals they read were always the best they could get. They never read but few books of fiction, as they thought life was too short to spend in that way, when they could not find time to read all the *good* books they needed, and counseled their children in the same way. Mother always thought a "cake could easily

be ruined by putting too much spice in it, so she thought too much fiction would ruin our lives; a little fiction might be needed to improve them, as a little flavoring improved a cake, but the fiction, as well as the flavoring, should be the purest that could be obtained." Such books as Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was read with pleasure occasionally by them.

There never was a year of their lives that they did not take the Western Christian Advocate, from its first issue, and also the Republican, or Whig paper, edited in Hillsboro, Ohio; and my first recollection of a magazine was the "Ladies' Repository," which they took for years, beginning, I think, with its first issue, about 1851 or '52. I believe it was edited at that time by the late Bishop Clark. It was the only literary magazine of note in the west for many years. Mother scarcely ever failed to have one of us girls to read every article in it to her, while she would be busy with some work, if she had not time to read it herself. She would converse with us upon the topics, and explain what was not understood by us, and in this way, endeavored to cultivate in us a love for reading such pure literature; and I cannot believe there ever was a girl who took more pleasure in reading to her mother than I did to her, out of this magazine, and surely never did reader have a closer auditor than she was.

The "Carey Sisters" contributed poetry to the columns of this magazine, before they had become

very noted; but it was lovely poetry to me, and the steel plates which accompanied each number, were very beautiful, as I remember distinctly. I also remember that the fearless proclamation of the abolition principles of the editor accorded exactly with those of my parents, who never bought a book or subscribed for a paper which exhibited any pro-slavery tenderness, if they knew it. But their table was always well-filled with such as accorded with their views. To the day of father's fatal sickness, he read a great deal in the Advocate, Cincinnati Commercial Gazette, the dailies and two or three weeklies, and would hold his book or paper and read for hours (when barely able to walk to his chair from his bed,) without it seeming to affect his eyes in the least, and then he could converse with his family or friends as intelligently about what he had read as any person in the prime of life. But few persons of *any* age are as well posted in current events as they both were at their *extreme* age, at the time of their death.

As dearly as they loved all other pure literature, the bible was not forgotten. It was considered by both of them to be the book of books; and very rarely is a person found who knows more of its teachings, or could more readily and correctly quote than they both could do. Bishop Foss said "the maturest saints are those the most saturated with the bible, and those who read it most love it best, and find the most in it that is fresh and new."

I think the sentiment of their hearts is well described by the poet, in these words:

"O, may my understanding ever read
This glorious volume, which Thy wisdom made
May sea and land and earth and heaven be joined,
To bring the eternal Author to my mind."

As their years advanced, this habit of reading the scriptures grew, and they spent a great deal of time, not merely reading by rote, but in literally searching the scriptures, as Jesus commanded the Jews to do.

"We search the world for truth, we cull
The good, the pure, the beautiful,
From graven stone and written scroll,
From the old flower-fields of the soul,
And weary seekers for the best
We come back laden from our quest,
To find that all the sages said
Is in the Book our mothers' read."

I believe if God had spoken out of heaven to them, as He did unto Abraham, and had commanded them to offer their son as a sacrifice, that they would have done it as unquestioningly as did he, and I believe also, that they expected their prayers to be heard by God, and answered, as much as did Hannah, unless God, in His mercy and wisdom, saw that it would be best for them otherwise. They literally took God at His word, knowing that all things were possible with Him who created all things in the heavens and in the earth, and in the waters under

the earth, by the word of His mouth, which was more wonderful than that he should prepare a special fish or whale to swallow Jonah, that he might be preserved to do the work designed for him to accomplish. They thought it much more wonderful that a puny, helpless man should doubt that God could do *anything*, with all the evidence we have around us of his unlimited power.

Eternal God of Nature we must own
That truth the man of Tarsus uttered well:
The glory of the Unseen may be known
By works of thy creation visible.

Beaty asks, "Is it bigotry to believe the sublime truths of the gospel, with full assurance of faith? I glory in such bigotry. I would not part with it for a thousand worlds. I congratulate the man who is possessed of it." Scott said:

"And better had they ne'er been born
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn."

Tennyson said, "Were it not for my daily range among the fields of Holy Writ, I might despair."

Heine says, "What a Book! Vast and wide as the world, rooted in the abysses of Creation, and towering up behind the blue secrets of heaven. Sunrise and sunset, promise and fulfillment, birth and death, the whole drama of humanity, all in this book."

They did not read the scripture with the sole object of getting through the bible so as to be able to

say that they had read it through several times, as too many seem to do, and with the same result as that of persons who pride themselves upon being able to say that they have been through a certain fine art gallery several times, yet they saw no one thing in particular, which they examined carefully enough, to give an intelligent description of it to an inquiring friend.

Neither did they reject any of its inspired teachings because they were terrible to some persons, any more than did Paul desist when his reasoning with Governor Felix of righteousness, temperance, and a judgment to come, made him tremble and say, "Go thy way for this time, when I have a convenient season I will call for thee." No doubt, Felix could have borne bravely his reasoning of right doing, and of temperance, and would have been willing to have taken his chances in this world, but reasoning of *the judgment to come* was what made him tremble, and resolve at a more convenient season to call for Paul and inquire more perfectly into this matter and yield himself to be a servant of Christ's in this world, that he might reign with Him forever hereafter. Again Paul stood up boldly before King Agrippa, declaring that Christ had made him a minister, and had sent him unto *him* and all the people, "to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they might receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified, and that

they should repent and turn to God, and do works meet for repentance, for," said he, "we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in the body according to that he hath done, whether it be *good* or *bad*. Knowing, therefore, the terror of the Lord, (he says) we persuade men." Then Agrippa said unto Paul, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."

Father and mother had been fully persuaded, and they rejoiced in God's promises, "That to as many as believed, to them gave He power to become the sons of God," while the others trembled because He said, "The wicked shall be turned into hell."

Surely it is easy to see, even in this world, "who hath chosen the better part," that which will give the greatest happiness, even on earth." There were a few in father's community who professed to believe that the bible taught universal salvation, and I remember hearing them (when I was quite young) arguing their doctrine with father, who was always ready to give "a reason for the hope that was in him," and yet he shunned disputations. One argument (which I remember seemed conclusive to me) was that, if there was nothing but perfect happiness in reserve for all after death, then it was a very unkind and unreasonable thing for God to do when He sent the flood upon all the wicked antedeluvians, and took them straight to heaven, leaving righteous Noah on *earth* to suffer for years, and be vexed with

sin and sorrow, which none can evade, before *he* could enter that blissful abode.

A thing had to be *reasonable* before father and mother could believe it, and this did not seem *nearly* so reasonable to them as that, "*All* are worthy of *sore punishment* who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and hath counted the blood of the covenant an *unholy* thing, and hath done despite unto the Spirit of Grace." They loved God, believed His word, and were resigned to *His* will, and really enjoyed singing these lines of Watts':

"My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am *condemned*, but *thou* art *clear*.

"Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce Thee just in death,
And if my soul were sent to *hell*,
Thy righteous law approves it well."

But they firmly believed that the teaching of the bible was, that the sincere desire of the heart, as expressed in these last lines of the last verse of this hymn, would be surely answered.

"Yet, *save a trembling sinner*, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering 'round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there;
Some sure support against despair."

Oh, how vividly the image of my dear father, sitting with closed eyes, humming this hymn, looms up before me to-day, as I write.

CHAPTER VII.

"Go unto my country, and take a wife to my son, Isaac."—Bible.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land?"
—*Scott.*

I do not believe that Abraham was more partial to his country than father and mother were to theirs. Father was not a politician, in the sense of being an office-seeker, as he never asked for an office, to my knowledge, except that of Justice of the Peace, (and I do not know that he *asked* for that) to which he was elected, and which he filled very satisfactorily for many years in succession, in his early life, and by his wise counsel, sound judgment and impartiality, won great love and confidence.

No man was more public-spirited than he was, always taking *deep* interest in everything that was undertaken, that was at all likely to ameliorate the condition of the masses, either local or general, and he did not believe that politics and religion could be separated without *detriment* to our country, and consequently carried his religion into his politics,

and always conscientiously gave his suffrage to the one whom he believed would be the most likely to further the interests of society in general.

Some have always believed that since politics are more or less corrupt, christian men should stand aloof and have nothing to do with them, but he considered that the *more* they became corrupted, the *greater* was the cause for all men of integrity to labor the harder for their purification, knowing that "when the wicked rule the people mourn, but *blessed* is that nation whose God is the Lord." He therefore always worked hard in the primaries, in order that the best man should be nominated for the office to be filled, but reason was the only weapon ever resorted to by him in striving to impress his opinions upon others; and few were more logical or self-possessed in argument, either religious or political, than he. His house was always a kind of headquarters for the leading men of his party (which was first the Whig and then the Republican party,) during a political campaign. They knew that he had no small influence in the community, and they were greeted by him with cordial and royal hospitality, but he boldly and firmly (but always kindly) assailed *any* and *every* illegal and dishonorable method resorted to, by which to try to secure votes.

No man would have thought of trying to swerve him from his convictions of right and duty in politics, with a bribe, any more than they would have thought of doing such a thing in religion. He con-

sidered the ballot box a means of grace, and if ever there was a man who studied the political situation carefully, and voted conscientiously, it was he, and I think few persons, not excepting statesmen, were better posted on all governmental subjects. Mother always took great interest, also, in the affairs of her country, and I believe they both had as deep and solid convictions of their duties to their country as to their God—very highly appreciating its benign institutions, which had been purchased with the blood of their forefathers, and realizing the responsibility resting upon them in their endeavors to preserve the liberties of speech and conscience, which had been transmitted to them, conscious that education, morals and religion could not be enjoyed perfectly in any but a free country.

It would naturally be expected that persons as loyal to their God as they were, would be loyal to their country, for pure religion and good government go hand in hand, and are inseparable. The bible recognizes the right to rule, but also instructs those in authority to rule in the fear of God, and it also exhorts subjects to yield willing obedience to the powers that be, as far as possible. They believed that no man could be a good christian, especially in our own beloved and enlightened America, without striving in every lawful manner to use their influence, be it little or great, in the endeavor to have our laws accord with those of their holy religion, and that all christians would be held responsible to God

for any neglect of this duty to citizenship, and *thus* far they *must* be politicians.

They believed that the question of slavery, which troubled the founders of the Constitution not a little in the beginning, would grow more and more troublesome, and if not settled in accordance with the Divine law by man, sooner or later, God, to whom belongeth vengeance, would enter into judgment with our professed christian nation, that permitted a portion of its population to hold in bondage another portion, just on account of the color of their skin, when He had said that "*He* of *one blood* had created all nations that dwell upon the earth."

Ever since my earliest recollections I can remember hearing them talk as though they believed that the absolutely unpreventable antagonism which existed between the christian men of the North and the slave-holders of the South, would *possibly* never be settled, except by a conflict of arms between the opposing sections, regarding this heinous crime. They long and ardently prayed that through the urgent demands of wise and broad-minded men, the burning question *might* be settled by arbitration, which they believed to be *possible* and *practical*, and at less expense to the nation than that of war, to say nothing of the death of the flower of our fair land and the desolation and sorrow it would cause, for "How is the grateful harmony (of earth) profaned?" with

"The sad dissonance of virgins' tears,
Who mourn their brothers slain, and matrons hoar,
Who clasp their withered hands and fondly ask,
With iteration shrill, their slaughtered sons.
How is the laurel's verdure stained with blood,
And soiled with widows' tears?"

But "the peculiar institution" had been "let alone," until it had gotten such a strong foot-hold upon our soil, that for several years father and mother considered that war was not only *possible* but *highly probable*, and when it was declared between the two sections, they regarded it as a providence of God, brought about by Him to do what He waited for man to do, but through the cowardice of some, and the indifference and cringing subjection of others, they failed to accomplish, until the cry of the oppressed came up into the ears of Him, who, when He heard the same cry of the Israelites, said, "*I will* go down and *deliver* them."

Cowper says:

"Happy is the man who sees a God employed
In all the good and ill that checker life."

And again he asks, "Has not God still wrought by *means* since first he made the world? And "Did He not of old employ his *means* to drown it?"

My parents firmly believed that the North was in the *right*, and as "*God* would be *for us*, who *could* be *against* us, ?" and that they would eventually win,

although they had failed to do their full duty, in striving for the freedom of the slaves, although there was much noble effort, such as that of Harriet Beecher Stowe, Phillips, and myriads of others. But, alas! When God enters into judgment with nations, for national sins, the righteous and *less* guilty have to suffer in a greater or less degree with the *most* guilty ones of the nation, who trample under foot God's rules, the golden one of which is, "That as ye would that men should do to you do you even so to them."

I think none more deeply deprecated the shameful conditions existing in their beloved country than our parents did, which called forth these scathing words of Cowper:

> "My ear is pained,
> My soul is sick with every day's report
> Of wrong and outrage, with which earth is filled.
> There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart;
> It does not feel for man, the natural bond
> Of brotherhood is severed as the flax,
> That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
> He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
> Not colored like his own, and having power
> To enforce the wrong, with such a worthy cause,
> Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
> And worse than all, and most to be deplored,
> As human nature's *broadest*, *foulest* blot,
> *Chains* him and *tasks* him, and exacts his sweat

With *stripes*, that *mercy* with a bleeding heart
Weeps when sees inflicted on a beast."

And, as Cowper said, so I beleive they could have as truly uttered, with all their hearts:

"I would not have a slave to till *my* ground,
To *carry* me, to *fan* me while I sleep,
And *tremble* when I wake, *for all the wealth*
That sinews bought and sold have ever earned.
No, *dear as freedom is*, and in my heart's
Just estimation, prized above *all price*,
I had much rather be myself a slave
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him."

Mother's ancestors had been slaveholders, and her father had inherited slaves, so she had not only read the tragic story of their wrongs and sorrows, but had also heard it from the lips of those who knew that they were not all exaggerations, and I doubt if the poor slaves ever had a better friend, or one who more deeply and truly sympathized with them in their debasement by the whites, than mother. She could cry out from the depths of her heart in the words of the poet:

"Oh! freedom, deepen thou a grave,
Where every king and every slave
Shall drop in crown and chain.
Till only *man* remain."

They both looked upon human slavery as the darkest blot that the sin and selfishness of man had ever brought upon a nation, and that there was an im-

perative demand that it be wiped out, and that God in His providence, hindered the Southerners from laying down their arms, at the time when Lincoln gave them an hundred days' armistice in which to consider the matter, for if they had lain down their arms against the North at that time, the institution of human slavery would have been perpetuated still longer, but they believed that God had undertaken to settle this thing for the poor *colored* man, and He was going to settle it *right*, until *his* chances in this world should be the same as those of his *white* brother; but their very hearts bled at the thought of the blood that was being shed of our noble men, as grand and brave as had ever marched to the strains of martial music, many of whom had gone out from happy homes and loved ones, never to return again, but their beloved forms would be left to be buried under the southern skies, that had beamed down upon so much wrong and suffering, which condition they had gone and offered their lives to ameliorate—and the desolated and wasted Southern territory. How infinitely much better thought they would it have been for them to have given every slave his freedom, because it was *right to do so*, than to have thus aroused the wrath of the Almighty, by which they not only *lost* their *slaves*, but their *whole territory* was ravaged, their homes were laid waste and desolate, in which was such awful mourning which could not be comforted, because of the fathers, brothers and sons who were not.

Father and mother gave one son, William Arthur Pulse, and a son-in-law, James T. Stroup, to go and battle for the life of their beloved union and to give their lives for it if need be. But they were both spared to return to their families and their homes. The son-in-law bravely withstood all the hardships for three years, having gone with Sherman to the sea.

Their grief was deep and poignant like that of a parent for the death of a dear son when the wires heralded the sad intelligence across the continent of the assassination of President Lincoln, who was their *ideal* of a christian statesman, and whom they looked upon as having been raised up providentially by God, for the express purpose of filling the Presidential chair in those troublous times, which so tried men's souls, and under the burden of which a *common mortal* would have been confounded and crushed.

I just now recall an instance of an exhibition of mother's true patriotism and loyalty, and of her affection for this distinguished benefactor of men, whose illustrious name will be handed down through succeeding ages as being one of the most determined and persevering of men, in the line of duty, and yet, was one of the coolest, most moderate, conciliatory, lenient, and affable of men; the immortal Abraham Lincoln. There were some in every community in the North who actually seemed to wish that the seceders might obtain that for which they had thrown our country into a fratracidal war, an ac-

knowledgement from the North that they had a *right* to claim *men* as their property, and to be *protected* in that right.

Such persons, for the time being, were to be considered as enemies, right in our midst, yet to all such, father and mother were as affable and gentle as could be expected under such trying circumstances. They strove to obey the injunction of the Apostle, "In as much as it was *possible*, to live peaceably with all men." An acquaintance from a distance had been visiting mother and others in the neighborhood for some days, whose sympathies were well known to be with the rebels, but although it was hard to do, having so many loved friends in the Northern army, yet father and mother strove hard to avoid any unpleasantness, and appeared to ignore her insinuations as far as they could. They had been to a meeting on the night of the assassination, where there had been wonderful demonstrations of joy at the prospect of a speedy conclusion of the war, and they had returned highly elated and happy.

But the next morning they received the sad news of the martyrdom of the President. Mother had been weeping, as though at the death of a dear friend, when, upon going to the door, she saw this woman, who had been visiting others in the neighborhood for a few days, coming through the front gate, and as soon as she saw mother she hailed her and asked if she had "heard that the old *tyrant Lin-*

coln had met his well-deserved fate, by having been shot the night before?" This was the one straw too much for mother, at the time when her feelings were so intensely wrought up, on account of what she feared might not only be a great national *sorrow*, but also a great *calamity*, so her righteous indignation was instantly aroused, and she told her that she positively forbade her coming into the house with such sentiments upon her lips, and the woman, seeing plainly that mother meant just what she said, left without further ceremony.

Their sorrow was also very great at the untimely death of the sainted Garfield, as he was another great favorite of theirs, and whom they also believed to be another great man whom God, in His mercy and wisdom, had raised up for the very purpose which he would no doubt have carried out so faithfully and well, had not *sin also frustrated* his good designs for his people. Their grief was the greater because they did not believe that it was God's *will* that such good and great men should be taken so soon away from this world, where such are so greatly in the minority and needed so much. But when His law is broken, the consequences must follow. In the cases of these lamented heroes, the positive law of God had been broken, which says, "Thou shalt not kill," which, if it had been obeyed, in all probability those grand, good men of such stalwart form and strength, and splendid habits, would have been living to-day to bless their families and their country.

But in cases of this kind my parents would nearly always quote the scripture text, "Surely the wrath of man shall praise Thee, and the remainder of wrath shalt Thou restrain," and as "all things work together for good to them that love God," so they believed that the great sorrow of the nation, caused by the death of these grand men, (especially Lincoln, who had done so much for it, and was just about to rest from his arduous labors and enjoy the peace and the loving homage of a grateful republic,) would cause the people to turn from the distracting thoughts which are the unavoidable consequences of the horrors of war, to more seriously contemplate their mortality and the uncertainty of all earthly hopes and expectations, and the vanity of putting our trust in man, even in *princes* among men, (whose breath is in their nostrils) instead of the great and everlasting God, who rules heaven and earth, as the beloved christian martyr, Garfield, said when he first heard that his dear friend, President Lincoln, was shot, "God rules and the government at Washington still lives."

Writing of these great men who came to an untimely end, brings to my mind another of the renowned of earth, whom the nations delight to honor, Ulysses S. Grant, who was another favorite hero of our parents. Not long ago I was reading the account of the dedication of the mausoleum, which shelters his illustrious remains, and when I read that he had been dead twelve years, I was struck with the

thought that father was about seventy-three years old, at the beginning of the war, when Grant was a *young* man, in his *prime*, and yet *he* has been dead *twelve* years, and *father* only *nine* years, *he* dying about *three* years previous to *father*, and I was reminded of what was generally considered to be the cause of his malady, from which he suffered so excruciatingly, and to which he finally succumbed, that of smoking, and I thought what a great pity that *one foolish* habit, formed no doubt in early youth, should be the cause of the premature death of such a great and noble man, whom his family and his country needed so much, and would have considered no sacrifice too great to have saved him.

In *his* case, he unwittingly in youth, no doubt, broke a natural law of health in forming this habit, which finally got the mastery of him, and the subduing of which, after that, would have been, no doubt, the greatest feat he ever performed. Many of the awful memories, which arise in my mind as I am writing of these times, I would gladly banish if I could. Oh! the horrors of war! especially among the people of one nation, one common language and religion, is too dreadful to contemplate. No doubt, many among the opposing forces had been rocked in the same cradle. It is no wonder that our parents' hearts failed them as they read, and contemplated, the awful struggle that was going on among brethren, and no wonder that they prayed so earnestly and ardently for the time to hasten, when Christ's

peaceable kingdom should rule in all hearts, and the nations should learn war no more.

They believed, in the words of another, "that there could be but one thing more terrible happen to our country than the frightful ravages of an intestine war, *one darker picture*, and *only* one, remained—it would be more destructive to the national interests of this fair land, more injurious to our moral purity, and social peace, and to the onward progress of the entire race, in civilization, in enlightenment, in christian light and love, should this nation become the patron of the institution of African slavery, than that freedom, glorious, heaven-born liberty, should triumph at the expense of a long war." Most earnestly they prayed "God save us from war," but still more earnestly, "God preserve the nation from the universal spread of the curse of slavery." All hail to the noble men who brought about, through their great valor, the *exalted* and *radiant* period in the history of America, and such *complete* civil and religious liberty as we now enjoy."

"America, your very sod,
Rings with the tread of heroes' feet,
Erewhile there rises up to God
Liberty's anthems, grand and sweet.

"What strength, what pride, what honor sets
On brows of more than royal men,
In deeds the nation ne'er forgets,
Her more than royal diadem."

One night father and mother attended a meeting, during the war, where there was a speech made, and persons were solicited to enlist for service in the army, when a man in the room arose and said that he had three children whose mother was dead, and if some one would say that they would take the two younger ones and train them as their own, that he and the eldest one would enlist for the war. Mother immediately spoke and said that she would take one and care for it as her own, not knowing whether his children were boys or girls, and a man in the audience arose and said he would take one also, and so the father and son enlisted. Upon investigation they learned that one of the children was a girl about ten years old and the other a boy about twelve years old. Mother had no girls of her own at home at that time, as they were all married before the war, and the man had no sons, so they were both suited, but they had intended taking them irrespective of sex, as they were anxious to do what they could for the cause of the Union,

The little girl, Margaret Wilkin, was immediately taken into my father's home, and seemed inclined to be, and was, taken right into their loving and sympathetic hearts, as they were always anxious "to soothe the helpless orphan's grief." A few nights after going to make her home with them she was attacked with that terrible disease, though quite common with children, earache, and mother did what she could to alleviate her sufferings, but the

child, who slept in the same room with father and mother, asked mother if she might not get in bed with her, and lay her aching ear upon her warm bosom, as she used to on her dear mother's before she died. Of course, that appeal went straight to my mother's tender heart, and she gladly granted the request. I remember hearing mother speak of how it touched her heart to have the dear, motherless little thing (with her father almost as good as dead to her, being so far away upon the battle field) nestle so closely to her, as she sobbed with pain, and the pleasure it gave her to know that she could, in *some* measure, fill the dead mother's place.

Finally the medicine used to relieve her pain, in connection with the loving, sympathetic words and kindness of my mother seemed to quiet and soothe the little girl, who, no doubt, being impressed by her kindness and tenderness, asked her if she might not *call* her *mother*, as her own mother was dead, and she wanted her now to be one to her in her mother's stead, and that she thought "mother" was the sweetest name on earth. Mother told her certainly if she wished to she might do so, and that she would fill her mother's place as far as she possibly could. From that night she always called her mother, and seemed to love her as tenderly, and mourned her death as deeply, as if she had been her own daughter, and our parents seemed to love her as their own child; and they tried to bring her up as they had their own children, and had the happiness

of seeing her join the Methodist Church and grow up to be a good and useful woman. She married J. L. Orebaugh, and had two sons about grown, before their death. She well repaid them for the love and kindness which they had bestowed upon her, in her great love and kindness to them during their lives, and to the day of their death they were deeply interested in her welfare. I have heard her speak touchingly of the last night mother spent with her before she went to Delaware to live; how they slept together, as they did that first night when she was a little, suffering child, and of the loving conversation they kept up after retiring. She said it was one of the most delightful memories of her life. Since mother's death this woman has taken a little motherless girl to raise, and is devoted to the child, and I have no doubt but that she will conscientiously bring her up in the fear and admonition of the Lord, following mother's example, as she is a great worker in the church and infant Sunday school class. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord: yea, saith the Spirit, they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

Mother's love and kindness bestowed upon this girl was not only the means of doing *her* good, but no doubt, the example caused her to take this motherless child, who in turn will in all probability grow up, under the training she will receive, into a good and noble woman, to bless *others* in *her* lifetime. Thus the blessed influence of dear mother upon this

child, which providence threw in her path, will go on and on, no doubt, until, in eternity, the Master will bring up many who have been blessed through her kindness to this little one, and mother, wondering, shall hear Him say, "In as much as ye did it unto one of these, ye did it unto Me."

After the marriage of this woman, mother took another little motherless girl, Caroline Boler, and raised her, sending her to school and taking her to church and sunday school with them, just as they had always done with their own children. Her father being a member of another church, and there being no church of his choice near them, he was not especially anxious that she should attend the Methodist Church and sunday school, and told mother after he found that she took her right along with them all the time, that there was no use of her taking her there, and that she need not do it, but to leave her at home. But mother, with her characteristic firmness to duty,told him that she would not keep a child that she could not take to church with her, if there was none of her father's choice near, and he knowing the child had a good home, made no more objections to my knowledge. After growing to be a noble, intelligent and conscientious woman, she became a member of the M. E. Church, and lived a consistent christian life ever afterwards. She was married to J. D. Tedrick, and to them were born two children, a daughter and a son, and she was one of the most loving and devoted wive's and

mother's I ever knew. She was quite an invalid for several years, and in the contemplation of the separation which she knew was inevitable, she had a hard struggle, but finally her faith triumphed and she became resigned to leave her beloved children in the hands of the Lord in this world, where she knew there were not as plenty of such women as my mother was as there ought to be. She died at about the age of thirty-five years. Between her and my parents there was a strong attachment, she always calling them grand-father and grand-mother. They only preceded her to that heavenly home a few years, and she deeply mourned their loss.

Mother's parents were of the same fine christian principle which she exhibited all through her life. Her father was by birth a Virginian, and inherited slaves from his father. After moving to Kentucky, being a conscientious christian, he believed human slavery to be a great crime, so he gave freedom to as many of them as he felt safe in giving his bond for their good behavior as the law of the state required; then he soon after moved across the river into Ohio, for the purpose of giving the others their freedom; but as might be expected of them with such a noble master, they begged of him to let them work for him for their food and clothes as they had always done; and some of them did stay with him until their old master and mistress (as they called them) had both gone to their Master in heaven.

After mother's home was all broken up, her two brothers, Nathaniel and John being married, one moved near, and the other to, Hillsboro, where the one lived until he died an old man, and the other, after living here for several years, went out West, where he died at a good old age.

One sister, Hannah, married Solomon Stayton, and lived and died in this state, the rest married and moved out into the far West, only one, Mary Brooke, ever returning to visit her two sisters and her native state. I think mother never visited her old home after leaving it in the hands of strangers, but once; and had never seen any of the colored people of the household since, and did not know whether any of them were yet alive or not, until one day when she was visiting me in Hillsboro, five or six years before her death. She heard that Meredith Sneed, a son of one of her father's former slaves lived here, and that his father, George Sneed, who was born a slave in her father's house, was at that time here visiting his son. She immediately sent for him to come to my house to see her. I had often heard her speak of uncle George, as she always called him (for it was a custom in the days of slavery to have an "uncle" among their slaves and a "mammy.") I had heard her tell of how well he could sing and pray (for he was a man, and converted when she was but a child,) and how her father would have him come in sometimes at family worship and pray and sing with them, and that she had

believed him to be one of the best of christians; and it can readily be imagined that I was anxious to see him.

At this time of their meeting he was about ninety years old, and she about seventy-three or four. When he came she asked him his name, and if he had ever been a slave, and he told her he had; and then she asked him the name of his master, and he said "Arthur Bonwell." Then she told him *her* name, and he said he remembered little Miss Eliza very well. The poor old man was so overcome that he said she would have to excuse him from talking for a little while, and he sat for some time with bowed head in silence. They both seemed very happy to meet again, after such a long separation. It was a very lovely and touching incident in my life to see those two meet and hear them talk of my grand-parents, whom I had never seen, but of whose lovely character I had so often heard my mother speak. After a good long talk about scenes and incidents they both remembered well, mother said she wanted to ask him if he was still the loyal christian he was when she had known him; as she had heard him often shout God's praise. He said he had been unfaithful in many things, but was still striving to reach the celestial city, (or words to that effect.) Then with polite deference he said to *her*, "excuse me, but I must also ask if your father's God is your God also. And it seemed to give him great joy, when she told him He was. Their conversation was

very deeply interesting to me, as mother with such fond eagerness questioned him and listened to the repetition of many little incidents and circumstances connected with her childhood home, remembered well by her, but made more vivid to her by his rehearsing it. It had been a happy home to her, those few short years, notwithstanding the fact that her dear mother had been a helpless invalid for five or six years with inflammatory rheumatism; for the christian's home into which the sun of righteousness shines, with healing in his wings for the *soul*, can *never* be made *very gloomy and sad*, even by *disease of the body*. George said that he remembered well how her mother had always thought that he could lift and carry her from one bed to another, when it was necessary to do so, more easily and comfortably to her than any other could do, as he was very strong and steady nerved. Mother had not forgotten his great kindness and helpfulness, and had often talked to us children about it, and for which she retained a very warm feeling and remembrance of him. She said she greatly rejoiced to know of the christian philanthropy of her father, shown by freeing all of his slaves, for notwithstanding his devotion to the religion of Christ, if he with his enlightment, had still kept them in bondage, she said she could not have had the blessed assurance she possessed of meeting and dwelling with him forever in the presence of God, who is no respecter of persons, but "who of one blood made all the

nations, who dwell upon the earth." They were very happy to have met one another again on this side of eternity. They are now, I doubt not, all re-united in that land of rest prepared for the people of God, where they more fully realize than they ever did here, the fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man.

CHAPTER VIII.

"*Nevertheless not what I will, but what Thou wilt.*"—*Bible.*

"He sendeth sun, he sendeth showers;
Alike they're needful, for the flowers;
And joys and tears alike are sent,
To give the soul fit nourishment:
As comes to me, or cloud, or sun,
Father, *Thy* will, not *mine* be done."
—*Sarah F. Adams.*

Whenever I see young and inexperienced mothers, who had lost one or both of their parents, even before they had been old enough to be at all benefited by their example and counsel, my heart goes out in pity for them, as I remember with joy and gratitude what mine were to me, for over fifty years of my life, amidst the cares and vicissitudes, which are common to all in a greater or less degree. I was sick a great deal for several years after marriage, and often-times when discouraged and almost ready to give up the battle for restoration to health again, a visit from my blessed mother, with her gentle sympathy and loving words of encouragement and cheerful countenance, (notwithstanding her great anxiety for me) would cause me to rally to the ef-

fort again; and she had the happiness of living to see me in excellent health for many years before she died. All of their children, except one son, who is yet unmarried, left the home-nest for one of their own. And our parents lived to see numerous grand-children, and several great-grand-children, who blessed their name and still revere their sacred memory; for they seemed to bestow their love, in as great, if not a *greater* degree, upon *them* than they had done upon their *own children*, realizing more fully, as their experience was enlarged, that the dear little ones were,

> "Such fair, frail gifts:
> Uncertain as the rifts
> Of light that lie along the sky,
> They may not be here by and by.
> Give them not only love, but more above,
> And *harder, patience with the love.*"

They rejoiced that God had brought them up to this happy time, sometimes along paths of joy, sometimes through vales of tears. It seemed to give them a new lease of life as they entered into as full sympathy with their grand-children, in all the innocent amusements of the smaller ones, and in the earnest and useful endeavors of the older ones, as they had ever done with their own children. If by their boisterous play they were ever annoyed by their grand-children at all, they studiously tried to avoid showing it, and in consequence they had their love and respect to that degree which need not be

expected by those who are cross and exacting, as is sometimes the case with grand-parents.

Mother, *especially*, made great efforts to the day of her fatal sickness, to keep her home looking as attractive as her means would allow, saying she could not bear to *think* of it ever becoming *less* attractive to her *married* children, and her *grand-children* than it had been to her own, when they were *young* and at *home*. And a pleasant place indeed, she did make it for us with our companions and children to visit, where it seemed every effort possible was made to cause us to enjoy ourselves. I was so fortunate as never to live more than about fifteen miles from my old home, and not so *far* as *that most* of the time, and had the privilege many years with my husband and children (even until the youngest of them was about grown,) visiting in the old home; and of having my children enjoy the scenes of my childhood, and to have the advice and counsel of my parents, supplementing my endeavor to come up in some degree to their standard in my training of them. And today nothing is more pleasing to my children than the imperishable remembrance of that lovely, happy home, with its royal greetings and hospitalities; for mother kept the kind of a home described by a little slip of a boy, who, after listening for a long time to a very learned discussion from some of his mother's club associations on the best way to order a home, was asked: "Well, my little man, what kind of a home do *you*

think is best?" A beautiful light came into the child's eyes as he tossed back his yellow hair and shook his head, saying: "I don't know much about it, just the only kind that *I like* is the home that its *nice to go to.*" And when all of the philosophy, theory, science and wisdom of the subject has been exhausted, we most likely will all agree, that the very best home, after all, is the home that is nice for *children*, as well as grown people, to go to.

The poet beautifully described such a home as our parents' was, for their grand-children, in these words:

"Think how joy animates, intense though meek,
The fading roses on their grand-dam's cheek;
When proud the frolic progeny to survey,
She feels and owns an interest in their play,
Adopts each wish, their wayward whims unfold,
And tells at every call the story ten times told.

Good humored dignity endears meanwhile,
The narrative grand-sire's venerable style:
If happy feats achieved in prime of youth,
Or pristine anecdote, or historic truth,
Or maxim shrewd, or admonition bland,
Affectionate attentions ear command.

To such society, so formed, so blest,
Time, thought, remembrance, all import a zest,
And expectation, day by day more bright,
Round every prospect, throws increasing light:
The simplest comforts act with greatest force,
Whate'er can give them, can improve of course.
All this is *common-place* you'll tell me—*true:*
What pity 'tis not *common fashion, too.*

Of what inestimable value was my mother's advice, counsel and sympathy, when I arrived at the *happy* time when little children called *me mother*. One a little blue-eyed girl, Laura Alice, our first born, whom God intrusted to our care a short time, was in less than four months, by Him transplanted to his own *heavenly* home, where the spirits of just men made perfect, and the holy angels, no doubt, had the training of her immortal spirit. My dear mother's sympathy for me could not have been so sweet and complete, had she not followed her own loved child to the grave. His sudden death and sufferings which she was powerless to alleviate or prevent, appealed to the tenderest sensibilities of her loving mother heart; and led her to a more sublime contemplation of the fatherhood of God, who the Bible taught her "pitieth His children, even as an earthly parent pitieth his." And that He had something better for us, whom he created in his own image, than can be obtained in *this transitory world*, where life is but a vapor which appeareth for a little while and then vanisheth away; and where even in the midst of *life* we are in *death*. Until the death of my babe, that of my beloved little brother a few years before, had been my *first* and *only* great sorrow; as it was also the *first* for *mother* since the death of her parents.

The Sabbath morning just one week before the death of our darling child, we went to father's and stayed a few days, and in the meantime, I being in

ill health, the care of my child fell largely to mother, by which she became still more attached to her than she had been before. It was her third grandchild, and she loved her dearly. When I was preparing to go home, which was only about four miles distant, she took the child and pressed it too her bosom, and said she did not know how she could let me take it away, as it seemed like her own child being taken away from her arms, and after kissing it again and again, and weeping sadly, she saw us start, and she said after we left, she went up stairs and looked after us and wept bitterly, as long as she could see the buggy we were riding in, feeling that it was weak and foolish of her, but she could not restrain her sad feelings.

Surely sometimes "coming events do cast their shadows before." That Sunday morning before we started to father's, my husband had heard up town, and came and told me that a Mrs. Chaney who lived near us, had found her babe dead that morning by her side. It was startling and terrible to both of us and as soon as we got to father's we told them of it, and we spoke of it often that day with bated breath, for it seemed to us that it would certainly be more than those parents could bear; and often that day, and the week following I pressed my own precious babe to my cheek, and thought *surely* it would be more than *I* could bear; but for some reason I will never understand until it is revealed in the bright light of eternity, I had to take that same bitter

draught the next Sunday morning; as our beautiful babe was lying cold in death by my side when I awoke. She was very hoarse that night with a bad cold, and we feared croup, but had no idea she was dangerously ill.

"O change, stupendous change:
There lies the soulless clod;
The sun eternal breaks,
The new immortal wakes,—
Wakes with his God."

"Nor cold, nor careless, let good-night be spoken
At dark's thresh-hold;
Lest happily ere the coming of the morning,
The gates are drawn."
"Long years may number ere its seal be broken
In sunrise gold."

More than forty years have passed since that day but—

Can I forget the agonizing hour,
When those loved eyes were closed to wake no more?
Ah, no! revolving years in vain depart,
The traces still remain upon my heart.

The sad intelligence was soon conveyed to my parents, and their great sorrow (especially mother's) can more easily be imagined than described by me; but knowing "that it was well with the child" their grief and anxiety were greater for us, knowing so well what sudden death of a loved one meant to the sorrowing relatives. The warmth and tenderness of my loving mother's sympathy, as she pointed to me the way to find the only comfort, which may be

found at such times, could not have been so great had she not been bereaved of her darling boy before. God mercifully prepared the way for my young and inexperienced heart to be comforted, by laying His afflicting hand upon hers of greater experience first. And never was there a more sweetly sympathetic soul in the house of death and mourning than mother was. If I had not believed and had not had such christian parents to reiterate to me the words of Christ, as he blessed little children and said, "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven," I think I should have been *utterly crushed*.

At such a time as this what resource can this world afford? Nothing but faith in Jesus, who said, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me though he were dead, yet shall he live," can

"Sweeten such bitter draughts of human woe,
And teach the anguished heart resigned to bow."

Notwithstanding my parents lived to be so aged, it was not because they were never sick. Their lives were not free from sorrow, pain and sickness, which is the common lot of man, since sin entered into this world; but their sickness was generally of a kind which seemed unavoidable, instead of (as is so often the case) being brought about by dissipation and vice. All of their greatest sorrows and trials they looked upon as being visitations of providence, and they strove and prayed for grace to bear them

as coming from the loving hand of God, who says, "My son despise not the chastening of the Lord; neither be weary of his correction: for whom the Lord loveth he correcteth: even as a father the son in whom he delighteth." So their consciences permitted them to hear amid all their afflictions, the still, small voice, saying: "Fear not, I am with thee, be not dismayed for I am thy God."

Mother at about the age of sixty-five, had a serious attack of rheumatism, which threatened for several months to terminate her earthly career, as it had her mother's; but in the course of a couple of years she recovered almost perfectly from it, except that for some months she was quite stiff and unable to get about without considerable difficulty. While in this condition it was the most beautiful sight to observe father's loving care and deep anxiety, for fear she might fall and cripple herself. He would anticipate almost every want of hers, and tend her as a mother would a child. *She* had always been *noted* for her tender care and watchfulness over *him* when he would be in ill health, but he had never had much opportunity before *this* to show in this way his devotion toward *her*, as she had never had a long siege of sickness or of suffering before this one. She had sat up and walked through the house in this condition nearly a whole summer, suffering but very little, and she and father (he being about eighty, and having given up all work except attending to little chores just when he felt like it) spent

the time pleasantly in reading and conversation, and with their friends, looking forward to the seemingly fast approaching time, when they hoped she would be in perfect health again. Her health gradually kept improving until it was almost perfect again: and she thought she was able to begin walking around out doors, but was not as supple as she thought, and one day in the garden she tramped on a clod which caused her to fall and break her arm, (the first, and *only* broken bone, in the family.) It was so sad to see dear father's sorrow, and regret that she had ventured out so soon; but in her condition of splendid health (for one of her age) she was soon able to sit up again, and her great sufferings were not long continued, and there was another winter of sweet companionship for her and father, with their books and their children and grand-children, who lived in the house with them. Father *redoubled* his diligence in caring for her again, and as spring opened up and she was seemingly about as well as ever, and had never been out of the house all winter, (her friends all fearing she might fall and break her arm over again) she began to coax them to let her step out into the yard, and begin little by little to get used to walking on the ground again; but father tried to dissuade her from it, but she said he must not think she *had* to fall again and break her arm over, *she* thought she would be no more likely to do so than he. So finally she made the venture, but had not gone into the yard more

than about ten feet until she slipped and fell; and though she did not break her arm again, she hurt her other shoulder and her hip so badly that her sufferings were so intense that she could scarcely be gotten into the house. And for about two weeks she could scarcely be moved in the bed, not even to have her pillows adjusted under her head. I think I never saw greater suffering than she endured for several weeks. In her agony she no doubt often cried out with the psalmist "All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me, yet the Lord will command his loving kindness in the day time, and in the night his song shall be with me."

Again the means used for her relief were blessed and she began to recover; and in a year or so she was again about as well as before, and was not crippled as we all feared that she might be, but was more supple as long as she lived than most persons of her age. O, it *does* pay to be governed by the principles of the bible. Godliness *is* profitable in *all* things, having the promise of *this* life; and *it only* gives the promise of the *life to come*. I do not believe that at her age she would have recovered from those dreadful diseases and accidents, had she not, by her splendid habits, built up her fine constitution, which enabled her to throw of disease. She had obeyed the divine injunction, "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread. And a blessing goes with every command of God; and they only who labor in some useful and unselfish

way as their creator requires, need *expect* to enjoy good health. Those who think that they can evade this law of God and take little or no exercise, except what they can get by a round of pleasure, which will be of no benefit to another will find that God is not to be mocked, and that instead of it being the exercise they need so much, it will prove to be injurious to them; for while the sweat of the brow caused by useful employment, purifies the blood and invigorates body and mind, that produced in the artificially heated and lighted ball-room, causes the blood to become vitiated, and the whole system is enervated and made the more liable to the attack of disease, and with consequent less power to resist it. God created us so that we must take exercise in order to retain our health, and in his loving kindness and wondrous benevolence, so ordered, that in blessing ourselves we should be a blessing to others, for many of his poor are not able to work for themselves; so he has made it incumbent upon those who are strong to "bear the infirmities of the weak." "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of God." None need think he can evade this law and be at ease in Zion, because he has inherited wealth from ancestors, and can give freely of *it* to the poor, for the relief of their sufferings and not suffer the *consequences* of a life of luxurious indolence. It is the binding duty of the rich to bestow freely of their abundance upon the poor, but just as binding is the command of God to every living

human being, who has the bodily strength, rich and poor, "Six days shalt thou labor."

I heard a Presbyterian minister of our city say in a baccalaureate sermon, "That whoever evaded this command was sneaking their way through God's vineyard." Persons whose wealth precludes the necessity of *manual* labor must, at least, diligently labor in the vineyard of the Lord, in visiting the widow and the fatherless, and ministering to the sick and dying, or they can lay no claim on Christ, who taught that pure religion and undefiled consisted alone in doing thus.

Our parents always labored industriously; and not alone for themselves; but denied themselves many things others with their means would have enjoyed, (luxuries and pleasure trips and such like) in order that they might have more to give to the church and suffering humanity.

They had, I believe, as pure *red blood*, as ever coursed through a human's veins. I never saw more beautiful, clear complexions than they both had. Some ten or fifteen years before father's death, after he had retired almost entirely from out-door work, the tan began to leave his neck, hands and face; and for a few years they were blotched alternately with patches of tanned places and where the tan had disappeared; until finally the tan was all gone, and his complexion became as clear and fair as a babe's, and from that time, to his death, it remained so. Mother would sometimes ask, "now, do *I* just *think*

so, or is not papa the prettiest and cleanest looking old man you ever saw?" He never had chewed tobacco in his life, and consequently was free from the effects of *that* filthy habit. He was about six feet high, and very straight, until bent with years. He had somewhat small blue eyes, broad forehead, and until middle aged, very dark brown hair, but many years before his death his soft and silky beard and hair were almost as white as snow. Mother was about five and one-half feet high, and so slender at her marriage that father could almost span her waist, but she grew to be heavy set, but not corpulent. She had large expressive brown eyes, and very dark brown hair, which never became very gray. I believe *anybody* would have said mother was a *handsome* woman. Her complexion was the finest I almost ever saw; and the sun never seemed to affect it at all, to tan, or freckle, or redden it. And her beautiful hands, which she never took any particular care of, and her white neck and face were almost the envy of her daughters, who were none of them so favored in this way.

Father's friends made him a birthday surprise on the day he was eighty-two years old. In an account of it which is before me, the reporter says of him: "He was in fine health and spirits, and contributed a great deal to the pleasure of the occasion by his lively conversation." "Being presented with a beautiful cane by a grand-son, he took it and stepped back and forth across the room, wheeling on his

heel and walking as briskly as a man of forty; remarking that none of us would be likely to do better at his age."

"Some one had heard of his mounting a horse so easily, and wished to see him try it. So a very tall one was bridled and saddled and brought for him." He took hold of the reins and mounted from off the ground as easily as any one could have done apparently. Again the same reporter says of him on his eighty-second birthday, "that his mind seems as clear as it ever was. He is a great reader, and I expect is better acquainted with what is transpiring in the religious and political world than half the men in the country."

The next year the birthday of a sister of his, Mrs. Nellie Mullenix, was celebrated. Seated at the table with her were all of her living brothers and sisters, seven in number, whose ages averaged nearly eighty years. Each had lost the companion of their youth, excepting father. This aunt was on that day eighty-six years old, and had been the mother of thirteen children, seven of whom were then alive. She was the grand-mother of Mrs. Harry Miller, *nee* Miss Rose Shepherd, the late well known teacher in the Union Schools, of Hillsboro. It is a rare thing for one to live to be eighty-six years old, with intellect unimpaired and bodily health as good as hers was at that time, with just half of her mother's large family yet alive, and more than half of her own.

There were persons there that day whom she had not seen for several years; yet as soon as she saw them she called them by name. She retained all her faculties in a remarkable degree until the day of her death, at the age of about ninety years. These details are written for the benefit of any young persons who may chance to read them, which proves, I think, that a great deal of our health and happiness in this life depends upon correct habits early formed and closely followed, especially where no constitutional disease has been inherited.

In speaking of the Queen's jubilee, Talmage says, "Queen Victoria's habits, self-denying, and almost ascetic, under a good Providence accounts for her magnificent longevity." "It may be a homely lesson for a sexagesimal anniversary in British palaces, but it is worth all the millions of dollars the celebration will cost, and the laborious convocation of the representatives from all the zones of the planet, if the nations will learn the sanitary lesson of good hours, plain food, out-door exercise, abstinence, and common-sense habits." "That which Paul said to the jailor, is just as appropriate for you and for me," "Do thyself no harm."

CHAPTER IX.

"*And the women, also, which came after Him from Galilee followed after and beheld the sepulchre, and how His body was laid, and they returned and prepared spices and ointments.*"—*Bible.*

"Of them who wrapped in earth are cold,
No more the smiling day shall view.
Should many a tender tale be told,
For many a tender thought is due.
'Tis *nature* prompts, by toil or fear unmoved,
To range through death's domains."

—*Langhorn.*

In the lifetime of my parents they lost but few grand-children by death; and only three of them were grown, and they all died in the faith. One of their grand-sons, a boy of only eleven years of age, Walter Scott, our own first-born son, triumphed so gloriously over pain and death that I must record it for the glory of God and his holy religion. He was a remarkable boy of his age in many ways, finely developed in body and mind, it seemed to be but little trouble for him to learn anything; not only in our own language, but he could read German and committed pieces in that language, and could recite them almost as well as any one could have done.

and could translate it remarkably well for such a child, and was far advanced in *all* of his numerous studies; though when he started to school, at the age of seven, he only knew the alphabet; but his teacher put him in the second reader class, and had him spell and pronounce the word, when it came his turn, and in this way he was able to read about as well as the best of his class, in about two weeks. But precocious as he was he did not seem morbid as such children generally do, but in most ways was a very natural and lovely child, full of life and fun and diffusing gaiety and cheerfulness in the home and among his young associates and schoolmates, and consequently was a great favorite with them; and I think he enjoyed playing games of ball, and all other innocent sport with them as much as any boy I ever saw; yet he enjoyed the company and conversation of grown persons, whose tastes were congenial with his, so much, and his love for nature was so great that I believe he would have left his playmates anytime, when he had an opportunity for a long stroll with his father (or any one whom he knew to be a lover of natural scenery,) through the fields or woods, or along winding streams and ravines. The *wilder* the scenery, the more majestic and lovely it seemed to appear to him; but the common fields of *grain*, or waving meadows, or those covered with grazing cattle or bleating sheep and lambs, delighted his appreciative soul more than all the glitter of the art of man. He seemed to have

the natural power already developed in him of drawing moral lessons from nature, and of looking from nature up to nature's God. From early childhood this trait was plainly discernible in him. He would contemplate and remark upon surrounding objects with strange regard for a mere child; and he was possessed of one of the most sweetly sympathetic souls for the suffering of either human beings or of dumb creatures. Our darling, precious boy! He was the joy and the pride of our lives. He was also a great favorite of my parents; and nothing delighted him more than to go and spend a large part of his vacations from school with them on their beautiful farm, which afforded him such ample source for so much innocent enjoyment, where he could feast his eyes on the dear old objects, which ever seemed new to him, of streams and woods and waving fields of grain; which would no doubt have seemed dull, and commonplace to most children of his age, who lived in such a beautiful town as Hillsboro.

He was born and spent the first six years of his life in the country, and had learned in that short time that God who had given him his being, (and to whom his soul was so soon to return) had made the country, while man had made the town; and to his intelligent mind there was no comparison between them. His attachment for the country being so great, we, for his sake alone, had bought a farm and had determined to move back to the country again, just a short time before he was stricken with the dis-

ease which terminated fatally on June 29th, 1871. He bore his great sufferings with remarkable fortitude for one of his age, and was released from them by the merciful hand of death in a little less than a year from the first attack. Although he had been a wonderfully active, large and finely developed and healthy boy, (weighing upwards of eighty pounds, when about ten years of age,) yet he submitted to his confinement and his terrible sufferings, and the deprivation caused by his disease, with the sweetest grace I think I ever saw, in *any* one, old or young.

His terrible affliction was hip-joint disease, one which we had never known in either of our families before. About a month before the attack, and soon after school vacation, and when he had been going barefoot but a few days, he was in the country, and with some little cousins he played almost all day in a cold spring branch making "flutter mills;" and a doctor said, (and we thought it quite probable,) that his blood became so much chilled as to poison it; for he was soon after afflicted with boils, from which he suffered greatly, before he was finally prostrated. Thus, no doubt, this precious child unwittingly broke one of the laws of health, and brought upon himself his terrible sufferings and premature death. Oh, how glorious to believe that it ushered him into the joys of heaven sooner than he otherwise would have been, escaping thereby so much of the inevitable sorrow of earth. This was our only solace.

His suffering, except from extreme debility, was not very great for the last few months of his life, except at short intervals; and at such times he would have me sing softly to him the hymns he had learned to sing himself at Sunday School. When I would sing, "There will be no more sorrow there" he would exclaim "O, yes! and if I was only there." At times when he would be most free from pain, he would have me read volume after volume to him, prefering mainly, works on natural history, which seemed to be a feast to his soul, and would cause him for hours at a time to appear almost to forget that he was sick. At other times when he would be quiet and in comparative ease, he would lie and talk of his belief in God and heaven, and of his sorrow for his wrong doings as calmly and sensibly as a mature man or woman could do. On his eleventh birthday, I got a handsome edition of "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress for his birthday present; and he enjoyed so much to hear me read from it, and to look at the beautiful engravings. When looking at the picture of a beautiful angel in it, pictured as floating gracefully through the clouds without any wings, he said "Mother, I like that." I never thought it was nice looking to see the form of a human pictured as an angel with wings like an eagle just as though God could not give them the power to pass through the air *without* them, as easily as he could give the birds their wings. He scarcely ever showed any signs of repining at the prospect of

being a cripple; only once I believe do I remember of his saying to me that he believed he would rather die than to never be able to walk erect again, for he said I always felt so sorry when I would see a poor crippled person. But as he was so sensible and could see that we were grieved at the prospect, he tried hard, no doubt, to keep from showing his apprehensions; for one night his father heard him sobbing softly, and he hurried to his bed-side to see what was the matter, when, after seeing he could not evade answering, he said that he was fretting because he was afraid that if he got well he would never be able to walk again. For two or three months before his death he was seemingly much better than he had been; and he wanted to be taken to see his beloved grand-parents in their dear home that he loved so well, and where he had eaten so often the dainties prepared expressly for him by my mother's own beautiful hands, which she took great delight in doing, on account of her great love for him, and which in his enfeebled state he longed to enjoy again.

So with the physician's consent we ventured to take him, and it did not seem to hurt him; and O, how he did enjoy every thing he saw along the road. Many familiar spots were noted and commented upon; and when the home was reached, which he had visited so often, but had not seen before for several months, his joy seemed to be complete. He was able to sit up in his chair and converse, and

had a lovely visit for several days, when he was taken worse again, and had to be taken back home lying down upon a bed, and so the trip going was the last sight he ever got of the beautiful country and familiar objects along the road he had traveled so often, but was to travel no more. Some weeks before he died he asked me pointedly if I did not think he was never going to get well. I could not help believing in accordance with my great desire, that he might be spared to us, even though he should always be an invalid; and I told him so, and that I had seen persons with his disease who had lived to be old; and though he might never be quite as strong as he used to be, yet I hoped and believed he would be spared to us. He said, "Mother, I have never just felt like I *wanted* to die, but I am not *afraid* to die." I want you to promise me that when you think I am going to die, you will tell me. I promised him I would, but God withheld the sad revelation from me until it was too late for me to tell him, but revealed it unto him. A few minutes before he became speechless, when it seemed *impossible* for us to realize that our treasure was slipping away from us, he was taken with a sinking spell and we all thought then that he was dying, and my heart smote me, for not seeing it in time to tell him, as I had promised so faithfully to do. But to our astonishment and joy he rallied, and opened his eyes and looked around as intelligently as ever; (and during all his sickness I do not believe he was ever

irrational) and instantly I thought he was not any worse and was not dying, but he looked up into my eyes and said "Mother, am I not dying?" and I *could* not *believe* it enough to say yes, though I *feared* it, and I answered truthfully, mother really did think you were, but now you seem so bright again that I think it was only a sinking spell on account of your extreme weakness, and that you are now better again. But he said "*I* think I am dying;" and reaching to kiss me he said "good by, be good and meet me in heaven," and then kissed his father and each one in the room, and then asked "where is Mima?" (the hired girl who loved him so dearly, and helped so tenderly to care for him, and whom he loved almost as a sister,) and she came and he kissed her, saying to her as he had said to each one of the others, "good by, be good and meet me in heaven." He said, "you must not say you will *try* to be good, you *must* be good and meet me in heaven."

When he came to take leave of dear father and mother, who fortunately were there that day, it seemed as though he intuitively knew that it was unnecessary to tell them to be good, but he kissed them, and said "good by, meet me in heaven." He noticed us weeping, and he said "don't cry, you will make me lose my courage, and I have had a great deal to try my courage." He then said to me "Mother, now sing;" and I said "what shall I sing?" and he answererd, sing "O, Happy Day." And through God's grace, which he has promised shall

always be sufficient, I was enabled to sing at that trying moment, "O, Happy day that fixed my choice, on thee, my Saviour and my God.

"Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away."

He then closed his eyes and seemed to fall into a gentle sleep, from which we hoped he might awaken better, but although he lived about two weeks longer, and seemed to be conscious when awake, his tongue seemed to be paralized; and we never could make out a word he said after asking me to sing "O, Happy day."

God in his wisdom knew that I could not see that his end was nigh, so He mercifully provided that he should know it without me telling him; that he might prove to us all, that death to him, had no sting, as he had gotten the victory over it through Jesus Christ our Lord. "O, let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

"Say not farewell to friends who fall asleep
In Jesus, for the word is cold and dreary;
But say good bye, it is so warm and cheery,
A presence that abides the while we weep.
May God be with you that is what we cry,
When our poor lips can only frame good bye.
Oh, touch his hand, lift up thine eyes and see,
He goes with them, and yet abides with thee."

I shall here quote as my sentiments, the beautiful lines of Hurdis.

> O, tell me not most subtle disputant
> That I shall die, the wick of life consumed,
> And spite of all my hope drop in the grave,
> Never to rise again! Will the great God,
> Who thus, by annual miracle restores
> The perished year, and youth and beauty gives,
> By resurrection strange where none was asked,
> Leave only man to be the scorn of time,
> And sport of death? Shall only he one spring,
> One hasty summer and one autumn see,
> And then to winter irredeemable
> Be doom'd, cast out, rejected and despised?
> Tell me not so—or by thyself enjoy
> The melancholy thought. Am I deceived?
> So let me be forever. If I err,
> It is an error sweet and lucrative.
> For should not heav'n a farther course intend
> Than the short race of life, I am, at least.
> Thrice happier than thee, ill-boding fool!
> Who strivest in vain the awful doom to fly,
> That I not fear. But I *shall* live again
> And still on the sweet hope shall my soul feed."

Another says:

"Ah, no, this life does not contain the best that God desires for man. And as He has secured for children *here* the love of their parents and kindred, through which they are provided with teachers, who lead them through the pleasant paths of knowledge and purity, so it may be that their education is superintended in *another* life by teachers of far greater intelligence and deeper love."

"If the plant can bear a flower here of such beauty and fragrance, what is it producing in the garden which God himself planted?"

"If the bird can sing so sweetly in the parent-nest within the cage, what must be the rapture of its notes as it spreads its wings in the land of eternal sunshine and song?"

"If a half-century of study here transforms a helpless infant into a Newton, Bacon or Shakespeare, what will a century do for those who are before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in His temple, and are led by the Lamb unto living fountains of waters, where God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes?"

The death of another grand-son, a young man, William Wesley Stroup, the only son of Charles and Elizabeth Pulse Stroup, was also so grandly victorious, and showed the value of a mothers' prayers so plainly, that I want to record *it*, also, for the glory of God, and the benefit of all whose eyes may chance to fall upon this page.

He was about nineteen years of age when taken sick, and up to this time was a healthy, finely-developed young man, both physically and mentally, and gave great promise to his devoted parents. He had splendid habits, and was a very moral young man, although he had never become a christian. Very suddenly, and unexpected to all, he was stricken with a lingering malady, which baffled the skill of the physicians. His parents, as soon as they found

that his disease was mortal, were wonderfully concerned about his soul's interest. But many of his friends, and I am not sure but that the doctor, advised to refrain from speaking to him about it; as there was a possibility of the doctors diagnosing a case incorrectly, and that his chances would be greater for recovery if they would, as far as possible, keep him from all excitement. But his mother would not hear to it, and she had a talk with her darling boy, and told him the doctors had said that they feared he could not be cured and now she wanted him to begin in earnest to seek the salvation of his soul, which he had neglected.

But to her sorrow and amazement he repulsed her, and said he did not believe he was going to die, and that he was not going to be *scared* into the church, anyhow. She told him that the doctor had said there was no *immediate* danger, and that he would most likely live some considerable time, and she urged him him to seek the Saviour and the forgiveness of his sins *now*, before his body and mind had both become weakened by disease, when he would have less *will* power to do even what he might *desire greatly* to do: but he spurned her entreaties, although he had always been a very loving and dutiful son before. She would bring up the subject every time she thought it all practicable, and always with the same result. Finally, he forbade her mentioning the subject to him again, saying that he would not permit it, which, of course, nearly broke her

loving christian heart, but she told him if he would not hear to reason, nor pray for himself, that *she would not cease to pray for him ;* that he might know that with every breath she drew, while awake, she would breathe a prayer for his conversion. And as "prayer is the soul's sincere desire, uttered or unexpressed," I have no doubt but what she did. She prayed on thus for quite a while before the subject was ever mentioned again by either of them. But one morning she was rewarded for all her terrible anxiety, by his looking up at her as she was ministering to his wants, and saying, "Mother, you have been weeping again ; and I have noticed for some time that you looked as though you wept almost constantly, and I knew it was about my soul's salvation, and that you were praying for me constantly as you had said that you would do. And now I am going to tell you that your prayers have been answered so far as to get me convinced that I am a great sinner, and I am now praying for myself, and I beg of you, and all my christian friends, to pray with and for me.

From that day he could not be induced to talk of anything else scarcely but the salvation of his immortal soul. He had her, and others, read the Bible to him and explain it, until he was brought to a saving knowledge of the forgiveness of his sins. And from that day until the day of his death, which was not for some considerable time, I never saw any one, young or old, that looked forward to death with

greater transporting faith and joy. He immediately sent for a minister and told him that he wanted to be taken into the M. E. Church, and that if he should get well he was going to be a preacher of the everlasting gospel, and that he would preach it as long as he lived, whether he lived a week or a year; and he did begin it immediately; and never did any minister, I think, preach and exhort and warn sinners more faithfully, or speak more comforting words to believers than he did from the time of his convertion to the last moments of his life. He would have the neighbors and friends come often and hold prayer meetings and speaking meetings in his room; and would have my father come and read a portion of God's word, and expound it to them, and then he would take it up and warn sinners, who were out of Christ, and exhort luke-warm professors as long as his strength would permit, and would become so happy that the place seemed to be almost the very gate of heaven to all who were in his room.

He gloried in the cross of Christ; and said eternity would be too short to praise God enough for the light he had found, and for the burden that had been rolled from his soul. There was only one thing which seemed to mar his otherwise perfect peace, and that was the concern he felt for those of his friends and acquaintances who were yet out of Christ. He plead with them to not put off coming to Christ as he did, until they were on their death-bed; for, said he, "You may be stricken sud-

denly with some fatal disease and not have, as I did, a long time to study over the matter, and have praying friends to help you in your endeavor to seek Christ in the forgiveness of sins. You may be cut down without a moment's warning, and if a person die in his sins, Christ said, "where He was he could not come." He continued in this blessed state of mind to the moment of his death. After calmly taking leave of all his dearest relatives and friends, and telling them he had the assurance that they would all meet him in heaven, he spent his last moments in urging those unprepared to meet their God, to defer it not a day longer; for he wanted them all to meet him in heaven.

Thus like the Saviour he loved, his last concern was for the salvation of sinners. The early death of such noble christian men as he was seems to us poor earth-born creatures to be a calamity. Very few, if any, young christians in that community, would have wielded so wholesome an influence as he would have done, I think, with his sunny disposition and brilliant intellect which he so fully consecrated to God and the church. Even before becoming a christian all who knew him loved him; and at his death, the entire community bewailed their loss. How much we need myriads of just such young men. But Christ said, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

"And, O! till the veil shall be lifted,
We'll trust in the Lord and believe."

Another grand-son of our parents, George Stroup, who lived out West, died young of typhoid fever, leaving a wife and two small children. But he, too, had given his heart to God in his early youth and was not surprised by death, for he was a good and noble christian man. And a grand-daughter, Elizabeth Elmira Pulse, daughter of their eldest son, George Wesley Pulse, died at the age of twenty years. My youngest brother and myself visited her and her parents' family in their home, in Ottawa, Kansas, a short time before she was attacked with fever, which terminated her young and promising life. She was a handsome girl, and of a very lovely disposition, and was the light of the household. She was a member of the M. E. Church, and we were told while visiting there that she was a great worker, both in the church and Sunday school, remarkably so for one so young.

She had been chosen and appointed a class-leader in a class of her young friends, and had served them acceptably in that capacity for some time. It must not be supposed from this that she was dull and morose, for on the contrary she was remarkably bright and vivacious, a very intelligent girl, and as full of life and humor as any girl I ever met, I believe. She was anothor verification of God's word, which says "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life which now is, and of that which is to come." She was prepared to enjoy this life to its fullest extent, because she was ready for

the life to come, as I have no doubt, she possessed a conscience void of offense toward God and man, and believed that whether He gave earthly life or death, "that all things work together for good to them that love God."

> "He loves, He cares, He knows,
> Nothing this truth can dim;
> He gives the very best to those
> Who leave the choice to Him."

She and her younger sister, about fifteen years old, were beautiful singers, and it gives me great pleasure, now, as I recall the pleasant times spent in their home, as I listened to them and their father (who always dearly loved music) play on their instrument and sing. She was extremely affectionate to all around her. I cannot forget how much she was delighted to see my brother and myself, whom she had feared she never would see, as we lived so far apart. Her eldest brother had lost his wife a little time before we were there, and he was left with a babe about a year old, and his parents had taken him and the little child into their home, and it was a lovely and pathetic sight to see this dear girl's love and care for this little, motherless niece of hers.

> "The sweetest lives, are those to duty wed,
> Whose deeds both great and small
> Are close-knit strands of an unbroken thread.
> The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells,
> The book of life the shining record tells."

The heavy stroke would have been, oh! so much heavier upon her parents, sisters, brothers and friends, (as she was a great favorite) had it not been for the comfort they had in believing that she was prepared for the wonderful mansions that our loving Father in Heaven has prepared for those who love and serve Him. Some persons. skeptically inclined, when in horror and consternation, they contemplate the uncertainty of life, even among the very young, are led to ask: "Is life worth living, when we have nothing to look forward to but inevitable death, and cannot know at what moment we may be snatched away from all things pleasant in this life, and be hurried into eternity?" "Is life worth living?"

"If this were all, that followed birth,
This troubled sequence, men call life,
Then, indeed it were not worth
The toil and anguish and the strife."

"Is life worth living?"

"Yea, to him that lives;
Whose soul has caught the music of the spheres,
Who o'er all earth's jars heavenly music hears,
To atune his life there unto."

"Is life worth living?"

"Aye to him who gives
His life to God, through few, or many years."

To some, no doubt, and especially the young, it seems foolish for one so young to consecrate her life

so fully to God and the church, but if they could know that their young lives were going to cease on earth so soon as hers did, which do you think they would certainly choose, the life "hid with Christ in God," or the life of the ungodly?

A few years before our parents' death, their grandson, Milton Stroup, whose parents lived in Missouri, was married, and with his young bride, made them and other friends in Ohio a visit, at which time she greatly endeared herself to all who met her, as she was a lovely character. About a year ago my brother made them a visit in their Western home, and he said that the cares of her sixteen years of married life, during which time four little children had come to bless their home, seemed to have had the effect of still more sweetening her lovely disposition, for he thought he had never seen a more pleasant, cheerful and contented wife and mother than she appeared to be.

During the past winter, while in her usual health, with the prospect of a long life before her, she was attacked with pneumonia, which ended her bright, young life. From the first day, she thought she would not recover, but she said while she would have loved to have lived for the sake of her beloved husband and children, yet she was ready and willing to go if it was God's will. All she asked was, that her husband would strive to keep their children together. She was rational to the last, and bade them good bye, just as though starting on an

earthly visit, saying "that all was bright." Her mother-in-law, (my sister, Mary) asked her if she had any doubts, she replied, "none in the least;" "have not had since the day that I was converted." She had lived the life of the righteous from early youth, and all such, "die the death of the righteous."

CHAPTER X.

"*But it shall come to pass that at evening time it shall be light.*"—*Bible.*

"Our pathway oft is wet with tears,
Our skies with clouds o'ercast,
And earthly cares and earthly fears
Go with us to the last."

"Not to the last! God's word hath said;
If we could read aright,
O, pilgrim! Lift in hope thy head,
At eve it shall be light."—*Barton.*

To a christian

"The best of living is its last,
And life seems sweeter at its close,
And something richer than the past,
These days disclose."

Madame DeStael said: "It is difficult to grow old gracefully." This was certainly not the case with my father and mother, however, it might have been with her. It is said that through the Middlesex Narrows, in Vermont, the Winooski River rushes with impetuous torrents. When nearly through the

Narrows, the waters dash with tremendous force against a great rock that rises majestically many feet into the air. On this rock near the top is a hollow place of considerable size, into which the rain falling, collects, and so forms a beautiful pool. So tranquil this pool becomes that in it lies a mirror, reflecting the blue, fleecy clouds and the glories of the setting sun. "Below, at the foot of the rock, the waters are in wild commotion. So, on the Rock of Ages, rising high above and withstanding the world's wild rushing flood, peacefully rest old believers, reflecting the glories of the Son of Righteousness, and the world above kept in perfect peace." We should seek in writing the biography of christians, not only to embalm their memory, and to hold up their example to others, but to verify the truth of God's word, which says: "Mark the perfect man." "And behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

"Peace, peace, life's stony paths of toil and care,
Lead on to heavenly heights, serene and fair."

"Acquaint thyself with Him, and be at peace," is the Scriptural injunction. It is true that the world gives a certain kind of peace, but it is not fully satisfying, even if it were not so uncertain and transcient, but the peace of the believer is perfect, which storms of sorrow and disaster never can destroy. Some one has said, "the soul without reflection, like a pile without inhabitant, to ruin runs."

"O! how dreary must be the solitude in sickness and old age of one who knows not God, and is a stranger to devotion; for, no matter how high our station in life, the world can do but little or nothing at such a time; but the christian finds great inward joy in believing and in adoring his beneficent Creator, who is a "friend that sticketh closer than a brother," and who alone can go through the dark valley of the shadow of death with him.

Not only did father and mother live to see great changes in their church and country, but also among their acquaintances. Mother lived to see many of her acquaintances, who were in independent circumstances when she was a poor girl, brought down to battle with adversity in old age as she had to do when a girl, for the wheel of fortune as it revolves takes some up and brings others down. Many like she had been, were brought to that condition by unavoidable circumstances, over which they had no control, others by their sloth and indolence, or pride and dissipation. In Proverbs we read: "I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and, lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down." Again, "He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man, and he that loveth wine and oil shall not be rich." If only the young would read and treasure up in their minds the proverbs of Solomon, it would save them much sorrow.

Vast happiness enjoy thy gay allies,
A youth of follies, an old age of cares;
Young, yet enervate, old, yet never wise,
Vice wastes their vigor, and their mind impairs.
Vain, idle, delicate, in thoughtless ease,
Reserving woes for age, their prime they spend;
Who wretched, hopeless, in the evil days,
With sorrow to the verge of life they tend;
Grieved with the present, of the past ashamed,
They live and are despised, they die, no more are named.

In connection with the reflection of having spent nearly the whole of their lives in earnest effort to serve and please God, their next greatest pleasure in their latter days was derived from reflecting upon the mighty strides of christianity, which they had been permitted to live to see, especially those of their own beloved church, which in Ohio was only about sixteen years older than father. The first General Conference of the M. E. Church, when Methodism was in its first stages of evolution, was held only two years before father was born, and he has been dead only ten years.

They had both been members of that church since its very beginning in this State. The contemplation of what has been wrought through its instrumentality within the lifetime of one of its members is truly wonderful. No wonder that they were so deeply interested in its work. And I think very few ministers were more thoroughly acquainted with its teachings, and with what was being done through and by

its ministry, than both father and mother were. Baltimore in 1793, and Omaha in 1892, are the longitude and latitude boundaries of a continent in the grasp of Jesus Christ, is what some one said at the General Conference of 1892. Father was born, as has been said, two years after the first General Conference, and lived to within four years of this one in Omaha. While on this subject, for the sake of future convenient reference, showing what gigantic strides were made by their beloved church within their lifetime, I will quote considerably from the *Western Christian Advocate* of June 1st, 1892, giving a history of what Methodists have done in the last century.

In this account we read that "In 1792 there were thirteen states in the Union. Now forty-four. Then the work of the church was confined within the narrow limits of the original United States. Now the field is the world. Then the population numbered 3,930,000. Now it numbers 62,620,000. Then all Methodism had only 66,000 members. Now the Methodist Episcopal Church has 2,293,000 members, and all the Methodists in the Republic exceed 5,000,000 Then there were 266 preachers. Now the Methodist Episcopal Church has 15,000 traveling preachers and 14,000 local preachers. Then there were 200 church buildings. Now there are 23,395. Then the value of church property was inconsiderable. Now it has reached $98,000,000 in churches, $15,000,000 in parsonages. Then we had two Bishops. Now eighteen of the forty-six in our entire

history. Then the members of the church owned slaves. Now liberated slaves and their children sit as our peers in the General Conference. There is no journal extent of the General Conference of 1792. Every word uttered in 1892 was taken from the lips and placed in type before us within a few hours. Then there were a few crude and experimental schools. Now we have 208 higher institutions of learning, with 40,000 students, with $23,000,000 of property and endowments. Cokesburg in 1792, and the proposed National University, 1892, are the century time measurements of giant strides in educational possibilities. The prefatory address in the discipline of 1792 of Bishops Thomas Coke and Francis Asbury, closes thus: "Far from wishing you to be ignorant of any of our doctrines, or any part of our discipline, we desire you to read Mark. Learn and inwardly digest the whole.

We know you are not in general able to purchase many books; but you ought, next to the word of God, to procure the articles and canons of the church to which you belong. This perfect edition is small and cheap, and we can assure you that the profits of the sale of it shall be applied to charitable purposes." "This General Conference receives the reports of the circulation of our periodicals for the past year of 3,300,000 copies of each separate issue, and sales from our Book Concerns for the quadrennium amounting to $7,345,000. Methodism is essentially missionary, and the first General Conference

was perforce a missionary conference with Coke, the prince of pioneer missionaries, as our first Bishop, presiding. Any other spirit would have been illegitimate." Ezekiel Cooper says: "A few missionaries were sent to different parts—one to Grenada, one to New Foundland, and two to Nova Scotia." "But there was no thought of reaching out to the heathen. No missionary society, with broad scope was organized by our church until 1818. In 1892 we raised $2,000,000 for home and foreign missions. We have now in foreign field a total working force of 4317 missionaries and helpers and 75,000 members. A larger number of converts we now have in our foreign fields than the entire Methodist membership in this country in 1792. And on the floor of this conference are delegates which are the trophies of our foreign missionary endeavor, while from the platform two Bishops report from the fields to which they have been assigned, that Asia and Africa are bowing before the cross of Christ. And these figures which we have given do not include our extended domestic mission work."

It is also amazing to consider what occurred in the world, outside of the church, even after father and mother had passed middle life; and yet, the one living to be so nearly an hundred years old, and the other four score, age slipped upon them so slyly and time passed by them so swiftly, that I have heard mother say, that the lesson that she was growing old was the hardest one she ever had tried

to learn; but they realized the truth of God's word, which says, "Life is even a vapor that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away," even of those who reach and by reason of strength go beyond the allotted time of man. With but few exceptions, outside of their own immediate family, they lived to see the places of their acquaintances in youth filled by strangers—a new generation.

It was considered very remarkable that Queen Victoria, who was crowned on her eighteenth birthday, should live to celebrate her jubilee; and so it was, for thousands die young to one who lives to her age, but father was forty-three years old when she was crowned. He had lived forty-three years before the iron rail had been laid between such important cities as Birmingham and Liverpool, and it was several years later when the first steamship plowed its way through the waves of the Atlantic, from Queenstown to New York; or the telegraph connected Windsor Castle with London. The whole effect of the steam engine and the electric battery, therefore, with the consequent enormous growth of commerce and wealth can be measured since he was aged nearly fifty years. And he never was one of the most rugged men, either, which proves what perfect habits will do for a man. Even down to their last sickness (which was of short duration) father and mother retained their reasoning faculties perfectly. When kept from church by cold weather, or rain, or feebleness, when not too sick, they would

read their bible, and one or more of Wesley's sermons, in the book which my paternal grand-father owned in his life-time, and which has already been referred to in these pages, and which, after my parents' death came into my possession, and is prized highly by me. I used to think strange that they never got tired of reading the same old sermons over and over again, but as I grow older, I realize more fully that it was to them the "bread of life," manipulated by a master hand, and that it was not strange that it so wonderfully satisfied their hungerings and thirstings after righteousness.

Very aged persons often out-live all ther own children, and see the rise and fall of many families around them, and almost become strangers in the midst of a new generation of people. "For one generation passeth and another generation cometh." Where one companion dies many years before the other, how dreary and lonesome must the time seem to the bereaved one before the reunion comes; what a pathetic sight to see such an aged, lonely one. Oh! how considerately and lovingly should their few remaining friends be in their treatment of them. Father and mother were wonderfully blessed, not only in being spared to one another, but in having so many of their own family around them, with, also, a few neighbors of something near their own age, with whom they had been associated in that neighborhood for a great many years. But while they were very appreciative and thankful for the kind

and loving attentions of their children, and grandchildren, neighbors and friends, yet their greatest comfort was derived from their own state of mind, and "the happiness of every man depends more upon the state of his own mind, than upon any external circumstances; yes, more than upon all external things put together." Their youngest child, a son, Charles N., who was born after they had begun to think they were old, (especially father, who was fourteen years mother's senior, and at the time was about fifty-five,) had grown up to be a dutiful son, and had married and had stayed in the home in order to care for his parents in their declining years. And never do I think were old parents cared for more affectionately than by this son and his wife.

And as "honor thy father and thy mother, is the first commandment with promise," they will not lose their reward. This son, as also another one, William Arthur, who never married, truly loved, honored and revered their parents, and were always quick to relieve and comfort them as far as possible, as the infirmities of age increased their dependence upon them. If ever aged parents had tender, respectful sons, who could from the depths of their hearts repeat the following lines of the poet, they could have done so, I truly believe.

"Me let the tender office long engage
To rock the cradle of declining age,
With lenient arts extend a parent's breath,

Make languor smile and smoothe the bed of death;
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile a parent from the sky."

I have heard mother say that she deplored the fact that she and father had ever been so distrustful of their heavenly Father, whose loving kindness and merciful providence had always been so very great to them, as to sit and weep when this youngest child was a babe, at the improbability of their living to see him raised. But, instead of his being left an orphan at an early age, as they had feared he might be, they lived to see him married and the youngest of his three sons about eight years old; and the eldest one of them fifteen years old and a student of great promise at the Ohio Wesleyan University. These grand-children were a great comfort and pleasure to them, and they took great delight, when they were old enough to be taught, to assist them in learning their letters, and to spell and read, as they had done fifty years before with their own children. I think, in their latter days that nothing gave them more pleasure than this, and to witness the development of both their bodies and minds; and they lived to see the youngest one of them able to read nearly as well and intelligently as a grown person, who has had good advantages; and the two older ones to become members of their church, which gave them greatest joy of all.

Their parents and teachers, of course, had done

their duty by them, also, and they would have made proficiency in their studies without the assistance of their grand-parents, but I have no doubt but that my parents had no small share in forming their desire for a good education, and their taste for the best books, and of laying the foundation for the good and moral education, which they are so fast acquiring. My parents' lives had been so exemplary, and they were so judicious in their treatment of these boys, that they had their perfect love and confidence, which would have been utterly impossible if they had been cold and crabbid, cross and exacting, as is too common with old persons, thereby losing the opportunity of benefitting the rising generation by their experience, counsel and advice, which, as long as reason keeps her throne, should increase in value as age increases, for, it is possible

> "To govern our passions with absolute sway,
> And grow wiser and better as life wears away."

These grand-sons highly appreciate the grand legacy they have in the precious example and memory of their beloved grand-parents.

Once, soon after father's and mother's death, I was at the home of these boys, when the youngest one, George (who was named for his grand-father, and whom he promises to be very much like) was at the time aged about nine years. It was on the Sabbath, and a very warm day, and his mother at the time was quite ill, which necessitated quiet on the

part of the boys. And one of his age, under the circumstances, in the middle of the afternoon on such a sultry day, might very naturally be expected to be found stretched upon the floor sleeping. I went into the yard and something caused me to look up into a large tree, and about fifteen feet up in it was George, perched in a chair which, with ropes, he had made secure in the forks of the tree, reading a book very attentively. On inquiring what it was, he informed me it was "Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby." This is an index showing the taste for reading he had already formed. The remarkable connubial affection of my parents, (which I feel sure was as great as I ever saw exhibited,) contnued until the day that death separated them. The same tender consideration and solicitude for each other's health, and comfort, and happiness. Always together at home or abroad if at all practical, and so much attached to home, that when on account of sickness or infirmity they were compelled to stay there, they did not rebel as some do, but were perfectly happy and contented, knowing in their old age what they believed in their youth; that

> "Roam as we will, plain sense at last will find,
> 'Tis only seeking what we have left behind.
> If individual good engage our hope,
> Domestic virtues give the largest scope.
> If plans of public eminence we trace,
> Domestic virtues are its surest base."

They said that they had now come to the time when God required of them to suffer His righteous will, as He had heretofore required of them to do it; and they patiently bore the infirmities of age, finding refuge in the bosom of their religion, and they calmly contemplated the approaching close of their lives, when the wearisome burden of them would be laid down, and in exchange they would obtain eternal life in that exalted society of the "multitude around the throne." Situated thus, in the sanctuary of their comfortable home, where they had spent nearly sixty years, they were as happy and cheerful in the evening of their lives as they had been at the noontide. For, "what raptures from reflections flow." There they would sit and talk and feast upon the memories of the years gone by; "thinking on whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report." Colridge says:

"Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good, great man? Three treasures, love and light,
And calm thoughts regular as an infant's breath,
And three fast friends more sure than day or night,
Himself, his Maker and the angel death."

Although for a few years father was a little hard of hearing when several were in the room, and especially when conversing with one whose voice was

not familiar, yet he and mother could sit and carry on a conversation for hours in their ordinary tone of voice, and read to each other, and in this way their lives were cheered and brightened to the very day of father's death. And when alone or when not talking or reading, they would often sit and sing softly the old hymns which had been the source of so much inspiration and comfort to them all along the journey of their lives. The language of their hearts is no doubt expressed in the words of the poet, when he says that,

> "To the God of love,
> One endless hymn, united nature sings.
> To thee, the bright inhabitants above,
> Tune the glad voice, and sweep the warbling strings;
> From pole to pole on ever waving wings,
> Winds waft thy praise, by rolling planets tuned.
> Aid thou, O love, my voice, to emulate the sound.

Mother's voice remained strong to the last, and while neither of them were called fine singers, yet they sang "with the spirit, and with the understanding, also." And

> "The fineness which a psalm or hymn affords,
> Is when the heart unto the lines accords."

No remembrance of my beloved parents is sweeter to me to day than that of hearing them sing in their enfeebled age, with their somewhat quavering voices the hymns they loved so well. Yes!

"When sorrows fall, like a dreary pall
Across my wandering way,
And trembling fear, with naught to cheer,
Fills my heart with sad dismay,
(I fancy) I hear the sound, familiar sound,
Of my own dear mother's voice,
And the songs she sings, fresh courage brings,
And makes my soul rejoice."

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
O! Lamb of God, I come."

"Misfortunes cloud may me enshroud,
And trials sore oppress;
The tempter's power may o'er me lower,
And fill me with distress;
But amid the storm and dread alarm,
I catch the sweet refrain;
Which lifts me up and drains the cup
Of sorrow's bitter pain."

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me;
O! Lamb of God, I come."

"What care I then for grief, or when
Adversity may come,
Through darkest night, I see the light
Which guides me to my home.
I hear the sound, familiar sound,
Of my own dear mother's voice,
And the song she sings, fresh courage brings,
And makes my soul rejoice."

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
O! Lamb of God, I come."

Father's voice for singing became weak several years before he joined the choir of the Angels, and he would then sit in his old arm chair, and in tones not much louder than when talking, would hum his favorite hymns, among which, were:

"How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word,
What more can He say, than to you He hath said?
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled.

Mother has spoken to me of having left him alone for some time, and upon returning, just before entering the door, she would often hear him singing these words of promise:

"E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love,
And when hoary hairs shall these temples adorn
Like lambs shall they still in my bosom be borne."

Then when she would enter his room, after he had been thus adoring and praising his Creator, she said he would talk so sweetly to her of the glorious truth of these words, which he could, indeed, "sing with the spirit and with the understanding also, making melody in his heart to the Lord," (if there was but little in his voice) for he had proven God's sovereign, eternal and unchangeble love for nearly ninety-four years. At other times when not feeling strong enough to even hum a tune in this manner, he would recite one after another of his favorite ones, in a conversational tone, particularly this one

(of which he never tired; and which he recited to me with so much feeling a few days before his death, saying that it was one of his favorite hymns.)

"Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side.
This all my hope and all my plea;
For me the Savior died."

They were not possessed with that insensibility to the misfortunes and pleasures of humanity, which is so common with many aged persons, and which is even sometimes dignified with the name of philosophy; but they remained delicately sensible and soft-hearted towards suffering mankind, and rejoiced with them that did rejoice, in the same characteristic manner that they had always done, to the last of their lives. I have heard mother say, often, that she did not intend to ever get childish in mind if such a thing was possible to prevent it. She said the proverb "Once a man and twice a child" could not be avoided if one lived to be very old, as far as weakness of the body was concerned, but where the surroundings were in the main pleasant, and one tried to adjust one's self to those which were unpleasant, and would strive to keep sweet and cheerful and happy, she thought it was possible for a christian to do so, and that as there is no standing still in anything—either progression or retrogression was the positive law of God and nature—she said she believed that the path of the righteous would grow brighter and brighter to the perfect day. I do not

believe that any who were acquainted with them ever considered either of them at all childish. When brother would sell a large amount of stock, and weigh it, and the boys would go in and tell their grand-father what they weighed, by the time his son would come in he would have the amount counted up correctly, that they would bring; and he could count and compound interest about as easily as any one could, to the day of his death. Their intellects seemed just as vigorous as ever they were, their judgment as sound and their counsel just as wise, and it was sought just as much as ever by their children and their friends to the very last. Their forbearance, patience and kindliness seemed to strengthen as their bodies grew weaker.

The last Sabbath that father and mother spent together on earth was Easter day, the first day of April, 1888, and the next Saturday morning father entered upon the Sabbath that never ends. It was my blessed privilege to be with them on this Easter Sabbath, as were also all of their children, except two, who were living in the West. Mother's health for some weeks had not been as good as usual, but it was greatly improved, and they were both able to sit up and walk about the room. Father said that he was in no pain whatever; that his only trouble was the extreme weakness of his limbs. His voice for conversation was tolerably strong to the last. They entered into the general conversation without any particular appearance of weariness, and I think I

never saw them more calm and cheerful and peaceful, even indulging in little, innocent pleasantries. I had gone the evening before, alone, and was expecting my husband that day and was anxious for fear he might not come, and father knew that I was, and suddenly he raised his head and looked out of the window, as if he saw some one, and I, of course, thought he saw my husband, and I sprang up, asking, "Has he come?", when he laughingly replied, "No, but the first day of April has." He had April fooled me.

Their dinner was taken to their room, and they sat there together and ate their last Sabbath dinner alone. I wish I knew just what their conversation and thoughts and feelings were as they sat there conversing, fully realizing that their days on earth were nearly ended; that their poor, frail bodies could not much longer sustain their immortal spirits, the one having lived nearly twenty-four years beyond the allotted time of man, and the other nearly ten years. Often, during the last few years of father's life, he would be taken suddenly sick, and on account of his age, it was feared that each might prove to be his last fatal attack. The absent members of the family would be summoned, and when he would see their great anxiety and deep grief, his tender heart would be touched and he would sometimes shed tears, and would say that he was very sick and being so old it might be that his time had come to die, and that he was ready to go if

it was the Lord's will, but that he did not believe the time had come, for he felt that dying grace had not been given him and he expected it fully for he had always found grace in time of need. Of mornings, when the dear grand-sons would go to his bedside before leaving for school, to bid him good-bye, he would lay his hand upon their heads and ask God to bless his dear little boys, but with tears in his eyes, he would say that he believed he would live until their return, as he did not believe dying grace had been given him.

His last sickness was of short duration; he took his bed on the afternoon of one day and died on the morning of the next. Although he had been very weak and feeble for several months, yet with a little assistance he could dress and walk around some, and would sit up a good part of the day. A few moments before his final attack, he asked mother to assist him to the front door as he would like to look out over the farm—a large portion of which lay in front of the house—she did so, and there, together, arm in arm they stood for the last time, looking out upon the scene which they had first looked upon together nearly sixty years before. It was the fiftieth anniversary of my birth in that house, the sixth of April, 1888, the season of the year when all nature rejoices in God's power to ressurrect into new life, for, "Forth in the pleasing spring, God's beauty walks, God's tenderness and love." In fancy I can see them standing, arm in arm, taking this last lin-

gering look over the farm they both loved so well, which had been the scene of many conflicts and many pleasures, and of so much faithful endeavor, which had been rewarded by reasonable success, enough, at least, to give them contentment, and "Godliness with contentment is great gain." No doubt the sentiment of their hearts as they stood there could have been expressed in the words of the poet:

"Much I owe Thy care,
Life's best of blessings still You give.
But now our various duties past,
Our nearest prospect is the grave;
Yet conscious of a virtuous life,
We shrink not from the solemn scene;
Sigh, sigh we must, that we shall part;
But soon my love we'll meet again,
Where endless pleasures we shall prove,
Nor ever, ever cease to love."

Mother said that they stood there for a considerable time, father seeming to enjoy greatly the beautiful and promising prospect spread out before them, and remarking upon the loveliness of green pastures and growing wheat and budding trees. It seems to me quite probable that they each had a guardian angel, standing together, looking out over the battlements of heaven upon this lovely, pathetic scene, enacted by these loving hearts in their earthly home, with which their Creator had rewarded them for their patient toil, but who were so very soon to be separated by death for a short time, for

"What if earth
Be but the shadow of heaven, and things therein
Each to the other like, more than on earth is thought?"

After standing thus in rapt contemplation, and taking a long, last, lingering look over the landscape in front of them, he said to mother: "There, now, that will do, I will go back to my seat." But in a very short time after they had been seated, he was taken violently ill, and almost perfectly helpless, and it was with difficulty he was gotton onto his bed, the men all having gone out on the farm. But they were soon called and a doctor was hastily summoned, but the Master had called for him, and when the doctor told him that it was beyond his power to aid him, he calmly resigned all.

At that time, the eldest grand-son of the household, Walter Scott Pulse, of whom he was particularly fond, and for whom he had cherished great hopes and expectations, was at the Delaware College, and before this, father could scarcely wait for the letters to be read, which came regularly from him. But on the day that he died a letter came from this boy, and sister asked father if he would like to have it read, and he calmly answered: "No, I have given him up;" the dying grace which he had expected had been given; another verification of God's word; "My grace is sufficient." But when asked if he would like to have his beloved minister, L. M. Davis, who was present, pray with him, he

answered "O! Yes." He had not given up, or lost his interest in Christ. No doubt the last thoughts in his mind, after the last words he uttered, which were: "I am trusting in Jesus," were in accord with the last verse of his favorite hymn:

"The atonement of Thy blood apply,
'Til faith to sight improve:
'Til hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love."

His sufferings from that time nearly through the whole night were extreme; he said to the friends attending him that he could not express the pain he suffered; it was so great that he could say but little to them. Mother would urge him to cast all his care upon Christ, and he would answer, "I am trusting in Jesus." Charles Wesley says:

"They who trusting in their Lord depart,
Cleansed from all sin, and pure in heart,
The bliss unmixed, the glorious prize
They find with Christ in paradise."

These were his last words, "I am trusting in Jesus." But if he had not been able to utter even a word, his life had been "An epistle, read and known of all" his acquaintances. I did not reach his bedside until on the morning of his death, but his other daughter who lived near, was with him all the time from the first. His sweet, amiable disposition and regard for other's comfort was exhibited until the last. After getting some easier he tried to prevail

upon sister and mother to lie down and get some rest, for he said he feared that they had overdone themselves in waiting upon him so faithfully, (as they never left his bed-side) and that as they were not strong, it would make them sick. Mrs. Orebaugh, the woman whom they had taken and raised from a little girl, was also there, and stayed all through the night, still farther proving her love and appreciation of him, by doing all in her power to alleviate his great sufferings, which were caused by inflammation of the stomach.

He was speechless for a few hours before his spirit took its flight. I had hurried to his bed-side as soon as possible after being summoned, but, alas, I was too late to ever hear that loving voice again on earth, but he looked right into my eyes as intelligently as he had ever done, and his eyes would follow me as I would move around his bed, and his lips would move as though trying to say something to me. He lay thus perfectly quiet for a considerable time, seeming to be perfectly free from all pain or anxiety, and looking at his weeping wife, and first one and then another of his children, who were now all at his bed-side, except the two living in the West. Seeming to be perfectly rational, which I believe he was, to within a few minutes of the last, lying upon his left side, he seemed to go off into a sweet sleep, and in a few minutes without a single perceptible struggle, and scarcely the moving of a

muscle of his face or hands, he ceased to breathe and entered into that rest that remains for the people of God.

"Oh! rest of rests, Oh! peace serene, eternal."

On the beautiful Sabbath following his death the hearse drove up to the door for the first time in forty years, and for the second time since they moved to the place, two generations before. His venerable form was taken to his beloved old church which he had helped to build many years before, while in the pride of his manhood; and to a very large concourse of relations, friends and neighbors, his pastor, the Rev. L. M. Davis, preached his funeral sermon from a portion of the fourteenth verse, of the seventh chapter of Revelations: "These are they which came up out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." And then he was taken and laid beside his little son, Beverly Waugh, to await the resurrection. After burying our beloved father forever out of our sight on earth, the home coming with our dear mother in her feebleness and great grief, was indeed, a sad one. The death of loved ones of any age is an awful thing to the surviving friends, even if they had been christians. The divine Christ wept at the grave of Lazarus when He beheld the great grief of Mary and Martha, his loving sisters. But such grief is not to be compared to that of "those who have no hope." In one sense it

is easier for friends to give up a loved one who has lived out their alloted time, and has been gathered to their father's like the garnering of ripened grain, than it is when one has been cut down in their youth, just when the joys for them of earth are at their height, and they are the light of the household to whom they give great promise of happiness and usefulness. But in another sense it seems harder for the truly loving wife or husband to part with the one they have journeyed with so long and pleasantly, until they have realized more fully than at first they did, or than did Adam, that they are "bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh."

When the dear one with whom they had gone hand in hand through succeeding generations, cautiously treading together the checkered paths of joys and sorrows, is torn from their embrace by death, even with the hope of a speedy reunion, it is surely to the one bereft, if in the full vigor of their mind, the sharpest pang that had ever wrung their loving heart, for the

> "Flame of wedded love endures,
> Thou evanescent, every youthful grace,
> Fly from the form and fade upon the face."

It was, indeed, a sad and sacred solemn hour for all, when on that evening, for the first time in nearly sixty years, the service at the family altar, was forever resigned into the hands of others. The youngest son, Charles, filled his dear father's place there the best that he could, as he read some of

God's consoling words to us, and then all kneeling down, he implored His richest blessings and comfort upon our dear bereft mother in her great trial, and His mercy upon us children in our endeavor to live as we had been instructed to do by our now sainted father. Mother's tender care and solicitude for father, when in ill health all through their lives was noted by all who knew them. And after father had lived to become so old and feeble, she said that she desired greatly of the Lord that she might not outlive her usefulness, and become helpless and infirm, but that it might be His will to spare her life and strength, of both mind and body, to care for father as long as he lived, (as he was so much older than she) and then soon after to let her lay her life and her labor down at once; and she was granted this desire of her heart, for although not as well as usual for a short time before his death, she was yet able to minister a great deal to his comfort and his necessities in his weakness and debility; and their companionship grew sweeter every moment, to the very day of his death, and on that last day and night she was more comfort to him than any other, never leaving his bed-side, I think, until his spirit had taken its flight; then when she knew that he had passed beyond her tender care and loving attentions, her over-taxed system almost succumbed, and it seemed for a time to us as though her life hung in the balance; and it came very nearly going out soon after his; and if it had not been for the sustaining

power of her holy religion, I believe she would have been entirely prostrated. But as David, when his child was sick, lay on the earth all night and fasted, and besought God for him, until they told him that the child was dead, "then David arose from the earth, and washed and anointed himself, and changed his apparel and came unto the house of the Lord and worshiped," and he said: "While the child was yet living I fasted and wept, but now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? Can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."

So mother soon recovered from the first great shock of separation from him with whom she had journeyed so long and pleasantly. She believed, as father also did, that at death the mortal part returned to dust until the judgment day, when it would be raised an immortal spiritual body, but that the soul would immediately return to God who gave it, and like that of the repentent thief on the cross would be in Paradise with Christ on the day that it left the mortal body, and would likely be given a spiritual form, like those of Moses and Elias at the time of transfiguration, by which they were so readily recognized by the Apostles.

"We speak of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confessed,
But what must it be to be there?"

"O Lord, in this valley of woe,
Our spirits for Heaven prepare,
Then shortly we also shall know,
And feel what it is to be there."

Mother said that the world seemed very lonely, and that the way might not seem so pleasant again, or so smooth as father had always striven so hard to make it for her, but it could not be long; and so as her health improved, and she was more able to overcome her sorrow, she became more resigned and calm and peaceful, and began again to take great pleasure in her family, friends and church. Father in his life had often requested of his friends, but especially of mother, that after his death they should not mourn for him "as do others, who have no hope," and particularly did he request that they should not dress in mourning, as it is called; for he had lived, he said, on earth in such a way that he would through Christ's merits and intercession at death, enter upon the glories of eternal life, and he hoped that, as christians, his friends would therefore dress and act differently from what they might otherwise be expected to do. He said that he disliked to see a professed christian dress, and look, and act, as though a great calamity had befallen their departed christian friends. So none of the family dressed in the garb of mourning, though I think a husband and father was never more truly mourned, in the truest sense of the word.

CHAPTER XI.

"They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."—Bible.

"Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart;
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death, can part."—*Charles Wesley.*

There was only an interval of about ten months between the death of father and that of mother, and during that time they were virtually undivided, as mother looked forward with such rapturous contemplation to the reunion that would come so soon. Her heart went out so fully after father's, that it seemed that she hardly realized but that his presence was near her. It was a very pathetic sight to go into the room where a picture of his hung, and find her standing before it and talking just as though he had been alive and looking down upon her sweet face. She said that it was so hard for her to look into the dear eyes of the picture, which looked so very natural, and not feel that it was he yet alive. She believed that quite likely he was her guardian angel, and was cognizant of all she did, heard every

word that she said, and knew just how she felt. Looking at his picture she would tell him how lonesome it was without him, and how she longed to join him in that land where "the spirits of the just were made perfect," and where faith is turned to sight; but that she was so much comforted in her deep bereavement in the thought, that he rested from his labors; that he was where the inhabitants never grow old, and the aged have their youth renewed, and their powers recuperated, and where they never say, "I am sick," and "where there is no death."

In the contemplation of the glory that was in reserve for her at the end of the race, I think that the few remaining days of her pilgrimage were the happiest of her long and useful life. She enjoyed her family, and her friends, and her church, and in striving to do her duty by them all, as much as she had ever done; and could say with the Apostle, "For me to live is Christ, but to die is gain." They had both always striven to impress the Apostolic injunction upon the minds of their children and others, to "Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers," and after father's death I could more fully realize than I had ever done before the wisdom and mercy of God in giving this warning to His children, for with the belief in rewards and punishments as taught in the Bible that they held, I do not see how mother could have borne the separation from father, if he had been an unbeliever, with the great love that she had for him; but then I doubt if

her love for him would have been so great had they not both been christians, for being christian men and women, means to be loving wives and husbands, for the Bible commands: "Husbands, love your wives; wives, love your husbands."

The unbelieving heart underrates the christian character because of the apparent small difference between young believers and moral unbelievers. But it should be remembered that, "though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing," and that doing things for Christ, and in His name, makes a difference as wide as eternity. We read that, "he that believeth on Him hath everlasting life." And that life is begun here on earth, and no matter how feeble, it is everlasting. The development of Godlikeness begun here on earth, though it may be very unsatisfactory to ourselves and to others, will go on through time and eternity if we are faithful unto death.

When pupils are given a problem to solve, the teacher, though not infallible, generally knows whether the poor, weak-minded scholar has tried to do his work or not, and if he has, and has failed, the teacher, if he is a good one, will not reprimand the pupil, but will take the work and finish it for him. So, Christ, the loving and infallible One, knows all about our weak efforts to serve Him, and to imitate His example in all things, and pattern our lives after His; and He will take our poor un-

finished work and perfect it, and present it blameless before the Father, and "then shall we be satisfied when we awake in His likeness."

I went to the Throne with a quivering soul—
The old year was done—
"Dear Father, hast thou a new leaf for me?
I have spoiled this one."
He took the old leaf, stained and blotted,
And gave me a new one, all unspotted,
And into my sad heart smiled—
"Do better now, my child."

But the same one who said, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," also said, "He that believeth not, shall be damned." And that condemnation, also, begins on earth, and shall continue through eternity. It may not be great in life, yet there is that "still, small voice," which speaks to every one, to accuse or excuse him, and God has warned us by saying: "If our hearts condemn us, God is greater than our hearts." While youth, and health, and prosperity, and friends hold out, moral unbelievers may feel sufficient within themselves, but when their youth is past and they must resign its pleasures, and they have begun to descend the hill of life into the vail of years, with health impaired and fortunes gone, and behold how much more complacently the believer endures these things, "as seeing Him that is invisible," and who has promised that "all things work together for good to them that love God," and "that these light

afflictions shall work for them a far more eternal, and exceeding weight of glory." While they "having no hope, and without God in the world," are murmuring and fretting and having nothing to look forward to but a "certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries;" they begin to see even in this world that the difference between the weakest and the humblest believer that ever lived and the most moral unbeliever is far greater than they had thought. "The day of small things should not be despised." We do not always consider the value of even temporal things. The most valuable diamond known is owned and worn by Queen Victoria, and is estimated to be worth two milion pounds sterling. A poor peasant saw it and picked it up in Golconda, and being too ignorant to appreciate its worth, sold it for a mere trifle.

I have read that there is a certain building in the center of Ohio, standing upon an eminence from which the country slopes off in opposite directions to the north and south, and the rain falling from the clouds upon one side of the roof of that house is carried down the declivity until it reaches a stream, which carries it into the Cuyahoga River, which empties into Lake Erie, and from there it falls over the cataract of Niagara, and on to Lake Ontario and into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, on the north. That which falls upon the other side of the comb of the roof runs into the Mahoning River, and from there,

on and on, until it reaches the Gulf of Mexico, on the south. The separation of these drops of rain by the comb of that roof was but a small thing at the start, but the separation was forever, and they went on diverging farther and farther, until the ones running northward were finally mingled with the icebergs of the north, and the others with the sands of the sunny, balmy south. How very different the issue from the insignificant circumstance of having fallen upon different sides of the line of that roof. Even two drops may, in their descent from the clouds, become commingled into one, and yet fall in such a manner upon the comb of that roof as to be again separated, a small thing at first, but the divergence will keep on widening forever. So a husband and wife, one a believer and the other not, may seem so nearly alike, as to have no perceptible difference to any, but to Him who knows the heart and has said: "The heart in its carnal state is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." And pleadingly says: "Son, daughter, give Me thy heart." But the divergence has begun and will keep on widening forever; But the striking contrast is seen when death comes, for

> "The little things of life makes such grand dying,
> If each day, and month, and year has brought its mite.
> Then ambition's height is veiled in heavy shadows,
> As the western gates reveal the light."

After the journey of life is ended, we behold the

glorious happy end of the one, who, depending not on his own works, of which the best have none to boast, but trusting in the merits of Him who said: "I am the resurrection, and the life, he that believeth on Me shall never die," can calmly say with the psalmist to his friends standing around his dying bed: "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want; Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil;" while the other "having no hope, and without God," has only a "certain fearful looking for of judgment, and fiery indignation which shall devour the adversaries."

Jude in speaking of those "denying the one Lord God and our Lord Jesus Christ," said: "Clouds they are without water carried about of winds, trees whose fruit withereth without fruit, twice dead, plucked up by the roots, raging waves of the sea foaming out their own shame, wandering stars, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever." But it is said of the believer: "They that be wise shall shine as the firmament," and again: "Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of the Father." So we see that the small difference at the beginning, has gone on until it is as great as that between the glistening splendor of the sun, and the "blackness of darkness forever." Oh, what an appalling difference! Being almost a christian will not avail, for the husband and wife falling in death upon different sides of the line which borders the "straight and narrow way," al-

though they may have been lovely in their lives, in their death they will be divided.

Blair gives and awful description of the death of a sinner in these lines:

"How shocking must thy summons be, O death!
To him that is at ease in his possessions;
Who counting on long years of pleasure here,
Is quite unfurnished for the world to come.
In that dread moment, how the frantic soul
Raves 'round the walls of her clay tenement,
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help,
But shrieks in vain. How wishfully she looks
On all she's leaving, now no longer hers.
A little longer, yet a little longer
O! might she stay to wash away her stains,
And fit her for her passage; mournful sight;
Her very eyes weep blood; and every groan
She heaves is big with horror. But the foe
Like a staunch murderer, steady to his purpose,
Pursues her close, through every lane of life.
Nor misses once the track, but presses on
Till forced at last to the tremendous verge,
At once she sinks to everlasting ruin."

The scriptures say that: "We do fade as the leaf," and it is a true comparison. Some of the leaves as soon as touched by the frost, become black, withered and unsightly, while others become by degrees more and more beautiful, as frosts succeed frosts, until their soft, lovely and varied tints of green, and yellow, and brown, and red, and purple, through which the autumn sun shines as they tenaciously cling to the parent stem upon the arching boughs,

give them the appearance of great cathedral windows. And as they fall, "they glitter, and sift, and seive, and spangle the dust, like a pave of heaven." The human family does truly "fade as does the leaf," some, when old age and infirmity creep upon them, by becoming weak-minded, also become unhappy and disagreeable, although a saint of God. But the christian life, if they retain their mental faculties, will become more and more beautiful, as the frosts which never melt fall upon their heads. "Their bodily strength fails, but their inward man is renewed day by day." Often their prayer all through their lives, has been that of the Psalmist: "Let the beauty of the Lord be upon us;" and in answer to their prayers their moral beauty will reflect God, as a beautiful pool of clear water does, the sun, and it will light up the plainest countenances with the divinity which rules within. The only way to grow old gracefully is to be filled with God given grace. When the sinner begins to fade, as does the leaf, they are as Jude says, like the "tree whose fruit withereth without fruit, twice dead, plucked up by the roots." The leaves of such trees, we know, always have a very ugly appearance, black and withered, a fitting comparison truly, for one whose life has been blighted by unbelief and sin.

But: "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful, but whose delight is in the law of the Lord, and in His

law doth he meditate day and night; and he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water that bringeth forth his fruit in his season, his leaf, also, shall not wither."

Mother's health after father's death kept steadily improving, until for several months before her last illness, she was a remarkably well preserved woman, both in body and mind, for one of her age; being able to do so, and taking great delight in assisting in many light household duties in the home of her son, where her presence was a veritable angel ministration, with her sweet, and youthful feelings, and manners; and making herself so agreeable in striving to adjust herself to all her surroundings.

Their son, Charles, who had so faithfully cared for them ever since he was old enough, on the farm, now began to contemplate leaving it, for at least a few years, and moving to Delaware, in order that his younger son might share with the eldest one already there, the benefits of the college, and that he might have all his children at home with him while obtaining their education. Mother being the sensible woman that she was, as well as having the lovely quality of being willing to yield her preferences to those of her friends, consented willingly, though as might be expected, in the leaving of so many tender associations, she could not do it without some degree of sadness, yet the anticipated pleasure of being with all her grand-children, who had been born in her house, and in a large measure had

been brought up on her knees, and who seemed as dear to her as her own children over-balanced it. She said the old home could never seem the same to her again, anyway, since father was gone from it, and she also knew that her time here would be short, and it would not make very much difference to her even if she was not quite so well satisfied with her new home.

After they decided to go to Delaware she came and visited us in Hillsboro several days previous to their removing there. On the last Sabbath spent with us, she heard the Rev. James Murray preach one of his grandest sermons, and all who were acquainted with him will know what that means. She was expecting in a few days to leave the dear old home, with all its sacred, hallowed memories. The unmarried son, William, had gone but a short time before to make his home with a sister in the far West, and only those who were acquainted with all the circumstances will have any idea just how much that meant to her loving, mother heart, to have her son go away, who, although a man of about forty years of age, never had been away from his parents any great length of time; and it was a question whether it would be the best thing for him to go or not, or whether he might not be very unhappy to go among strangers so far away from home and leave the aged mother he so dearly loved. But as it seemed to be the best thing to be done under the circumstances,

she took it as one of God's providences and consented to have him go.

With her dear heart alternating between hopes and fears regarding this, she entered the church in Hillsboro, where, in former years, she had often worshiped with father, and loved ones gone on before, and fully realizing that in all probability it would be the last time she would ever be privileged to do so and, sitting near the minister, she seemed to drink in every word of the sermon, (as Mr. Murray told me afterwards that he noticed,) which seemed to her (as she told me after going home) as though it suited her needs as well as though she had asked him to preach upon that subject for her benefit, and she believed it was another of God's kind providences in her behalf. The subject was the "Fatherhood of God: how He pitieth His children, even as an earthly father pitieth his." With his great eloquence, he urged all who had any weight upon their hearts to take it and lay it upon the heart of God, and they would find that He does care for us, and that He wants us to cast all our care upon Him. He said that His care was not only as that of a father, but even as a mother for her child. To me, it was deeply affecting, as I knew how mother needed just such a sermon, and how well she would appreciate it and appropriate it to her loving heart. I suspect that Brother Murray never preached a sermon that did more to comfort any one person than this one comforted her. After leaving the

audience room, we saw the members of J. L. West's class gather in their little room for the purpose of speaking, one to another, as we read in Scripture that they who loved the Lord often did in the olden times. She expressed the desire of going into the room to meet with them once more, and when we entered, Brother and Sister J. L. West were there, old friends of her's, and both the children of loved friends and classmates of her's and father's, perhaps fifty years before, and also in the room were Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Glaze. Mrs. Glaze was the daughter of one of father's most godly sisters, Mary Barrow, whom mother always dearly loved, and I have heard her say that she considered her one of the best women she had ever seen. But she had long before passed to her reward; and brother and sister Glaze have both died triumphantly since that class meeting, as has, also, brother West.

Here I will diverge a little to record a few incidents in the life of this dear, good woman, ("Aunt Polly" Barrow, as we always called her;) and of one of her sons, and a daughter, and a grand-son. She was married to Ezra Barrow; and to them were born eight children; and before the two youngest were grown, she was stricken with, what seemed to her friends and her physician likely to prove a fatal sickness, as she also feared; and although being a devout christian, yet she was unreconciled to die and leave her two children before they were fully able to care for themselves; so she asked her chris-

tian friends to pray for her recovery, and she prayed fervently that God would bless the means used and restore her to health again: and after a long seige of suffering, she began to improve, and finally recovered, and lived to see those children grown, and become prominent, self-supporting school teachers. At the age of about fifty years she was again brought down upon a bed of sickness, but then, she was fully resigned to God's will, and said that now she was ready to depart and be forever with the Lord, and would not ask him to restore her again, as he had so graciously done before, in answer to her prayer of faith as she believed. It was my parents' privilege to visit her during both of these spells of sickness, and they said her faith and trust was just as sweet to behold during the first spell as the last, for although so anxious to get well, yet she said if it was the Lord's will she was ready to go. They said that they never beheld a happier or more peaceful person on their death-bed than she was. Soon after her death, her son, David Barrow, began to decline in health, at the tender age of about twenty years: and notwithstanding great effort was made to stay the dread disease, (consumption, as it was thought to be,) it seemed to be fastened on his vitals, and he was finally brought down with it to his bed, where he grew weaker and weaker with a wasting cough, until his poor form was but little more than a skeleton; and he was so low, that he had to be turned in a sheet, as he lay prostrate. My parents

visited him, also, during the worst stages of his sickness, and they said it was an inspiration to see his patient resignation to his sufferings, and readiness and willingness to go at any time, but being a devoted christian, he had determined to study and prepare himself for the ministry in the M. E. Church, and he said he would confess that he felt a disappointment at the prospect of death interfering with his plans of striving to be the instrument in the hands of God, in having others come to Christ, as well as himself. To the amazement of all his friends after a long continued spell, he began to slowly improve, and by degrees he became strong enough to sit up, and then to walk around, and finally was restored to a reasonable state of health, though to the day of his death he did not look or seem like a rugged man, yet he went forward with his studies, and became an ordained minister, and after preaching in Ohio for some time, he was transferred to the M. E. Conference in Kentucky, where he became quite eminent, and was then elected a Presiding Elder, in which capacity he served faithfully and acceptably, for about twenty years; a short time back he died at his post at a good old age. His wife having died a few years previous, he left an orphaned daughter, who is the wife of the Rev. Chas. Maxim.

Aunt Polly's life was not prolonged in vain, if the impress she left upon the mind and heart of her youngest daughter, Mary Ann, (the late Mrs. J. N. Glaze,) for whose sake she particularly desired to

live, had been the only good thing she did, after her marvelous recovery. But she lived I think to see all of her children worthy members of the church, except, perhaps, the youngest son, George, who joined soon after, if not before her death. As cousin Mary Ann was only a few years my senior, and she often, when a child, accompaied her parents when they visited my parents and grand-parents, I, early in life became intimately acquainted with her, and learned to love her dearly, as she was of a very sociable and genial disposition and naturally bubbling over with wit and humor. Early in life she gave evidence of a vigorous intellect, and obtained a good education and followed school teaching for some eight or ten years with marked success; her services always commanding the highest wages, for she had not only studied deeply into the things pertaining to this life, but, also, of that which is to come, and had sought and found the only true wisdom; and at the age of about eighteen years was most happily converted; and she carried her religion into the school-room with her; and at times when it was not the general custom, nor popular to do so, (especially for a young woman,) she conscientiously considering it her duty to do so, read the scriptures to her scholars and prayed with them every day. Though not at all puritanical, (but of a very happy and cheerful disposition,) yet her life was so consistent with her profession, that she always gained the love and respect of her pupils and of the

school board in a high degree. Every thing else being equal such teachers will always have the confidence of any intelligent school board and will be given the preference by them.

I never was separated very far from her, and during the last few years of her life it was my privilege to live near her, and to be connected with her and her family in church-fellowship in Hillsboro. Though quite an invalid for several years, yet she retained her cheerfulness and fine social qualities in a remarkable degree to the end of her life. All her life from young womanhood she was devoted to the M. E. Church, and was always willing to aid by her prayers and testimony, in both of which she was gifted. I have heard Mrs. Eliza Jane Thompson (of crusade fame) say, that when she was about middle age she had never led in prayer in the public congregation; but after having heard Mary Barrow do so, so eloquently and fervently out in her old Clear Creek Church when but a delicate timid girl, perhaps not out of her teens, she was brought to believe it to be her duty to do what so young a girl so bravely did. A short time before her marriage, she had a severe attack of typhoid fever which seemed to undermine her constitution and she was ever after a rather frail woman. Her husband said to a friend about the time he took her as his second wife, to be a mother for his five children, that he was not expecting nor intending that so delicate a looking woman should ever do very much of such labor, as

is generally required of the farmer's wife, but he wanted just such a sensible and sweet spirited christian woman as he believed her to be to help him train up his children, especially his daughter. He was a noble christian man; had been a class-leader nearly all of his life, and she seconded his efforts to bring up his children "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." She was married to him in the year, 1869. To them were born two daughters, who with four children by his first wife survive them, to mourn their loss. Dear cousin Mary's daughters were to her as "the apple of her eye," and being so frail and so often having serious attacks of illness, it seemed improbable that she would live to see them grown; but like her mother she prayed and greatly desired of the Lord that he would spare her life that long; and she was permitted to see them both fully grown into fine healthy womanhood, and her step-children all married to worthy companions, and all members of the church she loved so well. It was my privilege to visit her frequently during the last few years of her life, and she was the same cheerful vivacious cousin Mary that I remembered in girlhood. Their home was one of royal hospitality, and she was always the life of any company, with her brilliant conversational powers and her large fund of humor. Her last sickness was of several weeks duration, her husband at the same time being in very bad health, but it seemed to me that they both did as little complain-

ing for persons being so sick as I had ever observed in any persons. They both fully realized that in all probability their days were numbered, but they had through prayer to the Father, gotten the victory over the trembling clingings of their hearts to the things of time, and could look up through the tears which might be forced to their human eyes as they beheld the anguish of their devoted children, and say,

> "Thy will be done, I will not fear,
> The fate provided by thy love;
> The hopes of earth, indeed, are gone,
> But are not ours the immortal years."

I think I never was in a sick room that seemed more to be filled with the presence of God, enabling them to be so calm and patient, and even cheerful and happy, with a kind and pleasant word for all. A few days before her death, among other things, she said to me that she had so much to be thankful to God for, in being blest with so kind and indulgent a husband and step-children, who, during the whole of her married life, oftentimes being so frail as to require a great deal of care and attention, bestowed it as lavishly upon her as her own children could have done. And she was so thankful to have been spared to see her daughters grown up into pure christian women, and that while the prospect was that they would soon be deprived by death of both their father and mother, that they would be left

with a competency; and had such a kind and affectionate half-sister and brothers to look after their interests; but above all, she said that she was so thankful that she had given her heart and services to Christ in youth—in the morning of her life—and had tried to do her duty as she understood it from the first, not waiting for greater age and discretion, for then she would have done but little in Christ's vineyard for want of health and strength.

For several years she was often deprived, either by the state of the weather or her health, from attending the services of God's house, in which she took such great delight during her whole life, and she said she was so glad that she had not neglected it when she was young, and had done some little service for her Master. Ah! No doubt she had done much more service for Him, in church and schoolroom and at home and among associates, than in her diffidence she realized. As she went forth sowing precious seed in the school room, as well as in all other places, she will doubtless come again, rejoicing, bringing with her many sheaves when the Saviour comes to make up his jewels. Well would it be, if, when brought to look death in the face, all could look back upon their youth and all their lives with as little to regret as she had.

On the eighth of May, 1895, at the age of fifty-nine years, the time came when the kind and loving ministrations of her husband and children could no longer avail. She realized that her work was done,

and calling them to her bed-side, gave each one a few parting words, and then calmly taking each by the hand she said "good-bye," and then settling back in her pillows she said, "Now, blessed Jesus, take me home;" and just as she pronounced the last sweet word, home, "she was not, for He took her." In about three months her devoted husband, also, died in the triumphs of the faith he had professed in early youth, and had kept so well during his long and useful life, and went to rejoin her in "the home of the soul." They had labored hard and succeeded in providing well in temporal things for themselves and beloved children; but the assurance their children possess to-day, that their parents had "laid up for themselves treasures in the heavens," and have entered into "that inheritance which is incorruptible and fadeth not away," they would not exchange for the wealth of a Cræsus.

Another son of Aunt Polly's, her eldest, Ezra Barrow, another noble christian man, had a son, Laclede Barrow, who, notwithstanding that his parents were both consistent christians, (and I have heard the best of men say that they considered Ezra Barrow one of the purest and most honorable of men among all their acquaintances,) seemed strongly inclined to skepticism, which was the cause, no doubt, of much sorrow and many prayers of his parents, who died at about the time he reached his majority. Soon after their death, he came to Hillsboro to attend school, and was providentially induced by some

of his friends to attend the M. E. Sunday School and preaching, at the time of the Rev. Dr. C. W. Ketcham's pastorate, and being a very intelligent young man, he would naturally listen closely to any preaching; it was not very long before he was convinced of the truth of the bible, and was converted and became a member of the M. E. Church. Soon after, he said he felt it to be his duty to preach the everlasting gospel, which had saved him, and "Was the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth." So, he prepared himself for it and began preaching at Chattanooga, Tenn., where he stayed for a few years and married a young lady of fine education, who was a practicing physician, and, also, a good christian, and they both concluded to offer themselves to the Board of Missions of the M. E. Church to go as missionaries to China. They were gladly accepted, and they entered upon their work in 1892, and had learned some of the language, and he was preaching when he contracted that terrible disease, smallpox, which ended his life and his labors. He had been vaccinated several times, but to no purpose. In a letter from his sorrowing wife she says: "I never knew him to speak with such trust and confidence as he prayed during his whole illness. He realized how hard the struggle for recovery would be, but as far as he was concerned all was peace." She said "he advised her about many things concerning herself and their dear babe."

What but religion could have given him peace,

as he lay there perfectly rational, advising her what he thought would be the best thing for her and his precious babe to do, as she said he did, and having to give up his chosen life work just at the portals, and in the bloom of youth, leaving a lovely young wife and little girl in a heathen land so far from home. He said he was ready to go or stay, and that "to live is Christ, to die is gain." And he said, "O! a great inheritance awaits for us after all this trouble and pain is over." And just awhile before he died he said, "It is my Father calls, and I must go." And thus he entered into rest.

His sadly bereft wife concluded, with her babe, to stay and do missionary work, though she had kind parents and many friends in this country. Dear sister: Jesus said, "Verily I say unto you, there is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake and the Gospel's, but he shall receive an hundred fold now, in this time (with persecutions,) and in the world to come, eternal life."

"O thou eternal Ruler,
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Protect them from all harm!
Thy presence, Lord, be with them,
Wherever they may be;
Though far from us who love them,
Still let them be with Thee."

Dear Cousin Laclede's work was cut short in Christ's vineyard, and before he had gained renown from men, but his Master said, "He that loseth his life for my sake, shall find it." Although his short life's work may soon be forgotten by most, yet to him who does his duty, be it no more than the giving of a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple, Jesus says, "Verily I say unto you, he shall in no-wise lose his reward." The best life that earth ever had only lasted thirty-three years. In Schiller's immortal colloquy we have these lines:

"What shall I do to be forever known?
Thy duty ever.
This did full many who sleep unknown.
O never, never!
Think'st thou perchance, that they remain unknown
Whom Thou knowest not?
By angel trumps in heaven, their praise is blown;
Divine their lot."

I will now return to the narration of dear mothers' last meeting in the class-room at Hillsboro. Fully realizing that in all probability it was the last time she would ever meet with these friends in that class-room, and recalling, as she no doubt did, that the last time she was there before, father was with her, it would seem more natural that she should be somewhat sad and sorrowful; but after having listened to that great sermon, which was so comforting to her, her heart seemed to be full of joy and peace;

and just as we entered the class-room they began to sing Charles Wesley's beautiful hymn, (in which she joined, "with the spirit and with the understanding, also.")

"And let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die,
My soul shall quit this mournful vale
And soar to worlds on high."

I hope any one who reads this, if not familiar with the hymn, will find it and read it all, and then they will not be surprised that her soul was filled with such ecstatic joy as she joined in singing it through. In fancy, I now see her beaming countenance almost as though transfigured, as she rapturously sang it, and especially when she came to these lines:

"I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there;
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear."

Mother always believed in special providences of God, and the singing of this hymn seemed to be another one of them. The last verse might be called a prayer, which she expected soon to be answered, and it was.

"Oh! what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count'st me meet
With that enraptured host to appear
And worship at thy feet."

"Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away,
But let me find them all again,
In that eternal day."

I think I never heard her sing or talk with greater warmth and feeling than on that day; and before she sat down while testifying of His grace, mercy and love, she shouted aloud the praise of God, whose loving kindness she said had always been so great to her ever since her birth to the present day, guarding, and so providently providing for her in the slippery paths of youth, when thrown upon the cold sympathies of the world a helpless, orphan child; but more especially did she praise Him for having brought life and immortality to light through the gospel, which gave her the blessed assurance of so soon meeting her blessed husband, and children, and grand-children, and her dear parents, from whom she was separated just when beginning to be old enough to realize what good parents meant, especially to a daughter; and "Oh!" said she, "it is so long since they went to glory, (being about sixty-five years) that it seems to me they must have become arch-angels around the throne of God."

The last time that I was at class-meeting with both my father and mother was in this same little room with brother James Chaney's class: what a blessed supreme memory these last meetings, with my dear parents in that old class-room, is to me, which was about two years before father's death.

What a pleasure it is to me to recall how they talked so beautifully of their hopes of immortality, after the dissolving of their earthly tabernacle, which they knew would so soon be. They looked upon death as going home; and not as a novice, to be ushered into its wondrous splendor and glory, for they, through nearly all of their long lives, had enjoyed more than anything else the society of the best of earth, and they took great delight "in singing hymns and spiritual songs, making melody in their hearts to the Lord," and in worshiping and serving Him. And of all such persons it may be said as of the Apostles, "Being let go they went to their own company."

Our dear mother stayed with us several days after this meeting, and we took her to see a good many of her friends and relatives, which she enjoyed very much. We went driving past the farm, near Hillsboro, that father owned when he married her, and to which he had taken her as his bride. She talked so sweetly and touchingly to me of her supreme happiness, on entering the door of the first home she could call her own, since the kind and loving one of her dear father's had been invaded by death and by strangers, and of the great happiness she had enjoyed all through her life with her noble, loved companion, notwithstanding the ups and downs and afflictions, from which none are free, as no life is all sunshine; but I do believe hers was fuller of it than

is the common lot of mortals. Her health had improved so much in the last few months, and she looked so well, and young, for one of her age, and was so active, bright and cheerful that none of us could believe but that she would be spared to make us a much longer visit the next spring, as she said she would do if she lived and was well. So we did not part with her when she went to Delaware without great hope of her return, which made it much easier than it otherwise would have been, to have her move away, but I think she realized the uncertainty of it more than we did. As father had lived to be nearly ninety-four, and as she was so well, and about fourteen years younger than he, we had no idea but that she might live ten or fifteen years longer, (as the "wish is father to the thought") instead of remembering that she was already ten years beyond the allotted age of mortals. "O! fleeting and transient life! When will the sons of men learn to think of thee as they ought."

"Three score years and ten is the allotted time of man, and if by reason of strength they be four score, yet is their strength, labor and sorrow, and they soon flee away;" is the fiat of our Creator, and all along the ages it has proven true, as will all the words of God. I went with her to Delaware and spent several days very pleasantly with them in their new home there, and stayed with them until they were nicely and very comfortably situated for the winter. When we arrived there we found her

son, who had gone West in the spring, had come to make her and the family a short visit, and it was well he did, for she took sick and died in a few weeks afterwards, and while he was there she was well and could converse with, and counsel him as well as ever she had done, which would not have been the case if he had not come until after she had been taken sick. She formed some very pleasant acquaintances there and was very well pleased with her new home. She enjoyed the privileges of the sanctuary there several times. I think, and with her strange brothers and sisters partook once of the emblems of the death of her Saviour, and enjoyed one more love-feast, and of testifying to the power of Christ to save; and of hearing others do the same, which, I think, was always one of her greatest delights. During the holidays her beloved step-daughter, Elizabeth Stroup, with two of her married daughters, visited her, and they said that they never had enjoyed a visit with her and brother's family more in their lives; they found them all well and in the best of spirits, and mother looking so much better even than when she moved, having gained considerably more in flesh, (she never had become emaciated as most old persons do, and her face and form kept plump and rounded, almost like a young person, in good health to the end of her life,) my niece said that she had never seen her grandmother look prettier, or seem to be in better health and spirits since she could remember, and she re-

marked to her mother after leaving her, that "grandmother looked as though she bid fair to live ten years longer, at least."

Between this step-daughter and my mother there was great love and affection. I don't believe that there was any greater between her and her own children; or that they mourned her death any more sincerely than she did. It was only about two weeks previous to her death, when she had been gone such a short time, that it seemed as though sister had a presentiment that she must go then, or never see mother again on earth alive. Both she and her daughters were so glad afterwards that they had gone and found her so well and happy, and she was so much delighted to see them and hear from all her old friends, although she had not been long enough separated from them to make her at all homesick. She took leave of them cheerfully, thinking that it would likely be only a few weeks until she should revisit the old neighborhood. But on the ninth day of January, about one week after they had taken such hopeful leave of her, she was suddenly stricken down with that disease, so fatal to the very young and the very aged, pneumonia, and in less than one week her spirit was released from its burden of clay. I was summoned to her bedside, and am so thankful that I had the privilege of being near both her and my father as they entered into rest, for it did not seem like death. The poet Young, says:

"The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
Is privileged beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven.
Fly, ye profane! If not draw near with awe;
Receive the blessing and adore the chance,
That threw in this Bethesda your disease;
If unrestored by this despair your cure;
For here resistless demonstration dwells,
A death-bed's a detector of the heart.
Here tired dissimulation drops her mask,
Thro' life's grimace, that mistress of the scene;
Here real and apparent are the same;
You see the man, you see his hold on heaven,
If sound his virtue as Philander's sound,
Heaven waits not the last moment. Owns her friends
On this side death, and points them out to men;
A lecture silent, but of sovereign power.
To vice, confusion, and to virtue, peace.
Whatever farce the boastful hero plays
Virtue alone has majesty in death;
And greater still the more the tyrant frowns."

The letter informing us of mothers' sickness failed to reach us, and the first we knew of it was two days before she died, when we received a telegram. The sudden summons and travel to her bedside so unnerved me that I was quite sick, and could not stay up with her the last night of her life on earth, which was at the time, and still is, a source of deep regret to me. Her sickness was of such short duration that she had been reduced but little in flesh, and when I first went to her bedside she looked so natural and was so rational that I could not believe

but that she might yet recover. Her sufferings, though, were very great, and she moaned with pain with almost every breath all through the night, and scarcely slept at all. When I entered her room in the morning and finding her still rational, and hoping that the remedies might yet be blessed in her recovery if we could keep her more quiet, I said, "Mother, can't you keep from moaning so much and try to get some sleep?" She looked up into my face and said, "I think before another morning I will be in glory. My suffering time will soon be o'er, then I shall sigh and weep no more." She was a great sufferer all through that last day, it being very painful for her to breathe or talk much, but she remained sensible, and could speak a few words at a time until a few moments before she breathed her last. She had often expressed in life her disapprobation of administering whiskey to dying persons in order to prolong their lives for a few hours, at most. She had said that she did wish her friends would not permit it when she came to die if she should be unconscious; but she always hoped she might die in her right mind. When her physician saw that she was past all human help, he mixed some milk and whiskey and gave her a sip, and instructed us to give it to her frequently, not telling us what it was; but as soon as she swallowed it, she asked him what he had given her, and when he told her it was whiskey and milk, she said, she thought so; and she asked him to give her only the milk, without the whiskey. He

said, "I see you are not in favor of using it," and she replied, "I am strongly opposed to using it in any way." So he told her then, not to take any more of it, and she did not, and consequently was not in the stupor all day, that she otherwise would have been, but in her intervals of comparative ease when not sleeping, she would talk to us of her hopes of heaven.

I had heard her say, that she had stood by the bedside of dying christians, who, she believed, would have loved so much to have talked rationally to their friends, had they not been stupefied by stimulants; and she was anxious to be able to tell her friends of her feelings when she came down to the Jordan of death: and God granted her desire. She gave many evidences of the "hope which was as an anchor to her soul, both sure and steadfast, and reached to that within the vail," (one of her favorite texts.) I asked her if she had any message for my husband and children, and she said to tell them and all the friends that she thought of them all, and to tell them that "all is well." I said to her, "Mother, this is the hour for which you have lived," and she said "yes, and if you live the life of the righteous, you will die the death of the righteous."

When it seemed as though her sense of sight might be entirely gone, and we were not sure she would ever speak again, brother took father's picture, which had been so much to her after his departure, and held it over her and said, "Mother, do you

know what this is;" she looked up and said, "Oh, yes! and he is a glorified spirit, now, and I shall soon be with him." And again, when we feared certainly that we should never hear the sound of her sweet voice again, he stooped down near her and said: "Mother, we think you are just about to sweep through the gates." Instantly, with an effort, she said in a clear voice; "Yes, sweeping through the gates of the New Jerusalem, washed in the blood of the lamb." These were her last words—blessed, precious, words. Then when those large, beautiful, brown eyes of her's were nearly closed over by the lids, (in that deep sleep which knows no waking, until by the trumpet of God at the last day) and we never expected to see them again on earth, brother, who was a beautiful singer, whom she had always been so fond of hearing sing, kneeled over her bed and softly sang a verse of one of her favorite hymns.

"O! how sweet it will be
In that beautiful land.
So free from all sorrow and pain,
With songs on our lips,
And with harps in our hands,
To meet one another again."

I surely never can forget the enraptured expression that came over her sweet face, as she raised her trembling eye-lids and seemed to try so hard to fix her gaze (of those beautiful eyes) upon him; and as she lay in that rapt, almost breathless listening attitude, it seemed as though we could almost see "the

Gates Ajar," and catch the sheen of jasper as the death angel lingered, waiting until her soul should hear that one last song she loved on earth, from the lips of her beloved son, before joining with the angels in the song of redemption around the throne of God. Another of the hymns she loved, was:

"Oh! sing to me of Heaven,
When I am called to die.
Sing songs of holy ecstacy,
To waft my soul on high."

"When the last moment comes,
O! watch my dying face,
And catch the bright seraphic gleam,
That 'round each feature plays."

"Then 'round my dying bed,
Let one sweet song be given,
Let music charm me last on earth,
And greet me first in Heaven."

I doubt not this desire of her heart was granted her, for I believe she heard and appreciated every word brother sang. A few minutes after, at about ten o'clock of the night, which she had said to me she thought would be her last on earth, lying, as father did, upon her left side, apparently as easy as if in a healthy sleep, and without a perceptible movement, moan or struggle, on the fifteenth of January, 1889, she "was not, for God took her." If she had lived until the twenty-fifth of the next month, she would have been eighty years old, having lived nearly ten years past the allotted time of mortals.

There was no lack of sympathy and aid from kind and loving neighbors, (though they were comparatively strangers) in assisting to robe the precious form for its last resting place; and then the sad journey was begun to take her back to our dear sister's home, in her old neighborhood; and on the next morning, in her old church, her funeral was preached to a large and sympathizing concourse of friends, by one of her beloved ministers, the Rev. John Maxey, whom she had long known and had often entertained, and with whom she and father had so often labored faithfully in the Lord, in that same church for the salvation of souls. His text was taken from Numbers, twenty-third, ten—"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like His"—after which we took all that was mortal of our blessed mother and laid by the side of her beloved companion to await the resurrection morn.

Some of the ladies in Delaware said to us after mother had been dressed in a nice, plain black woolen dress, which she had worn in life, and in which she requested that we should bury her, that they had never seen our mother in life, but they thought that she was certainly most beautiful in death, and that she looked as though she was alive. And it was true. Not only time, but death, had been very kind to both father and mother; for it is seldom that persons die as they both did, with no apparent pain, or scarcely a perceptible movement of body or

features. They literally fell asleep in Jesus; and after death it was remarked by all their numerous friends that they looked so wondrously peaceful and natural, except that each looked at least ten or twenty years younger than they were. Mother, in life, looked at least ten years younger than she was, and after death at least twenty years. She had the fewest wrinkles and gray hairs, (the inevitable accompaniment of old age) that is often seen for one of her years. As they lay so peaceful looking in their caskets, with the glow, which the art of the embalmer had given and was so life-like, spreading over their lovely faces, which otherwise would have been almost as white as marble, it was so hard to realize that they, whom we had loved so much and so long and looking so beautiful, were dead, and that their beloved forms must be consigned to the dark confines of the tomb. But as soon as my beloved dead have been buried out of my sight, I have always been enabled, when thinking of them, to raise my eyes and thoughts upward to Heaven, instead of thinking of them as in the grave. And with the eye of faith I see their glorified spirits, clothed with immortality; a spiritual form, (resembling perfectly, the mortal part it has thrown off on earth) just as Moses and Elias on the Mount of transfiguration appeared unto the Apostles, and were so natural looking as to be immediately recognized by them.

"There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual

body." "There are celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial." All glory to Christ, who hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel.

"'Tis hard to take the burden up,
When these have laid it down.
They brightened all the joys of life,
They softened every frown."

"But Oh! 'tis good to think of them,
When we are troubled sore.
Thanks be to God, that such have been,
Though they are here no more."

We know that our loss is their infinite gain, and that they are now supremely happy in "being forever with the Lord" whom they worshiped on earth: and that they are now "satisfied since they awoke in His likeness," whom they adored. And as more of their loved friends, (excepting their children) are "over there" than are here, they are not among strangers in that home where the angels carried them after death, as they did Lazarus. We have good "reasons for the hope that is in us," that each of their godly parents, and brothers and sisters met them at Heaven's portals; and that every child and grand-child from whom they had been separated by death during their long lives were there to welcome sweet father and mother home.

Their first-born son and the two eldest daughters, after having been married several years, moved out into the far West, and I think this was one of the hardest trials of their lives, especially for the ten-

der, loving heart of mother. The son and one daughter revisited the dear old home several times, but the eldest daughter delayed the intended and longed-for visit too long, and death frustrated her plans, but translated her to her home in heaven about the time she had planned her visit. Father and mother had hoped that they might once more embrace her on earth, but she preceded them to that heavenly home a few months, and was there, I doubt not, to meet and greet them, and show them over the celestial city and through its mansions. Oh, how glorious to believe that as their ears became dull to the sound of the voices of loved ones on earth, that they were opened to the music of angels and loved ones in heaven, and that Jesus, the mighty conqueror of death, met them and said unto them, as you strove so hard to pattern your lives after mine, I will now finish the work you began, and perfect my likeness in you and present you blameless before the Father, "for as you were not ashamed to confess me before men, I am not ashamed to confess you before my Father and the holy angels." And then to hear the Father say, "Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

"Blessed are they who do His commandments, that they may have right to the Tree of Life, and may enter in through the gates into the city." When we read the glorious description of that city

of God, the size of which has been computed to be fifteen hundred miles high, enclosing two milions, two hundred and fifty thousand square miles, with its foundations of different precious stones, and its jasper walls and gates of solid pearl, and streets of pure gold, "in the midst of which is the River of Life, and on either side of which is the Tree of Life," and that "there shall be no night there, and the redeemed shall reign there with God forever and ever; where all tears shall be wiped from their eyes by Him," and "there shall be no more death: neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things have passed away." I say, when we read this inspired and sublime description, we exclaim in rapture, if this is only symbolical of the grandeur and glory of the home of the ransomed, O, what must the reality be as the symbol is never as great as the thing symbolized. The inspired writers were led by the spirit to make use of the visible things which were understood by man, to describe the invisible unto him; but after doing this and giving this wonderful detailed description, we are told that "eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." And how can any doubt it when they consider what He has prepared in this world for sinful and ungrateful men; the great stores of silver, and gold, diamonds, pearls, rubies, and all manner of precious stones and other things, which have been

hidden in the bowels of the earth since the beginning of time, and without any likelihood of their failing till time shall end. But we are warned "that there shall in nowise enter into that city anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie." "But they whose names are written in the Lambs' Book of Life," and again Christ said that, "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in Heaven."

When I think of what our dear parents were to their children on earth, of how much they loved us, and how we loved them, and of their tender loving ministrations to us, even after we had gone into homes of our own, (for I believe their tender regard for us grew as their years advanced,) and how they would so quickly hasten to help and console when sickness or death invaded our homes, I wonder, "though in Heaven can they forget us."

I do not remember of ever going back home on a visit after my marriage, but what mother, if well enough, and she saw me before I entered the door, would come running out into the yard with outstretched arms to clasp me to her bosom and kiss me, even as if I had been a little child. Oh, how vividly the lovely vision stands out before me of the happy, joyous greetings of my beloved parents, which have ceased forever on earth. With the poet, out of the depths of my heart I cry out.

"Will they meet us, cheer and greet us,
Those we've loved, who've gone before?
Shall we find them at the portals,
Find our beautified immortals,
When we reach that radiant shore?
And we often, as days soften,
And comes out the evening star,
Looking upward sit and wonder,
Whether, when so far asunder,
They still think how dear they are!"

"Past yon portals, our immortals,
Those who walk with Him in white,
Do they 'mid their bliss recall us?
Know they what events befall us?
Will our coming wake delight?
Yes, they will meet us, cheer, and greet us,
Those we've loved, who've gone before;
We shall find them at the portals,
Find our beautified immortals,
When we reach that radiant shore."

Oh, then, we should dry our tears for all the loved ones who have passed over into that inheritance, and are "waiting and watching for us," and be up and doing our Master's work. And for our encouragement to persevere to the end, Jesus says to us, "Fear not, little flock, for it is the Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom." So, while "He works in us, both to will and to do, of His good pleasure, we may be enabled to work out our own salvation with fear and trembling," if we put our trust in Him, who is not such "an High Priest that he can not be touched with the feeling of our infirm-

ities," and who "is our intercessor with the Father," and "not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance."

CHAPTER XII.

"*And there appeared unto them Elias, with Moses; and they were talking with Jesus.*"—*Bible.*

"Shall we meet our christian parents
In that land?
Shall we meet our christian parents
In that happy land?
Yes! O, yes! in that land, that happy land.
Parents and children meet together.
Far beyond the rolling river,
Meet to sing and love forever.
In that happy land."—*Whittier.*

Oh! how inspiring and comforting are these words of Holy Writ, and of the immortal Whittier, to those whose ancestors, as far back as any record of them has been left, have been professed followers of Christ, and whose upright walk and conversation has been consistent with such profession. Especially to those (like my husband) who have never seen their father on earth, is the prospect glorious that the spiritual body shall exactly resemble the natural body, as was exemplified on the Mount of transfiguration. Then, as it is possible for every living mortal to "make their calling and election sure" if they will, it is only a question of a few

years of time until parents, grand-parents and children may strike glad hands far beyond the rolling river of the Jordan of death, there to live and love forever. Such a hope is not for one moment to be compared with all the wealth and fame that any mortal ever acquired.

My husband was not born until a few weeks after his father's death, and he lost his mother when but a young lad, and consequently he does not have the many and vivid recollections of her which I possess of my parents. His grand-parents, though outliving his parents and becoming very aged, (all except his grand-father Scott,) have also been dead nearly a half century, but he remembers them quite well. His grand-father, William Scott, Sr., was born in Scotland, June tenth, 1773. He came to America and was married about the year 1800 to Susanah Ockerman, who was born, it is thought, in the year 1775, in Virginia, to which State her parents moved near the time of her birth; the facts can not be definitely ascertained, as the records were destroyed by fire. To them were born twelve children, eleven of whom lived to be grown, several living to be very aged, and all were men and women of good christian character, as far as can be ascertained, and all lived to marry and raise families. Several of them moved out West, where they died. Grand-father Scott and his wife both belonged to the Dunkard Church. He died many years before my husband was born, but grand-mother and other

old citizens said that he was a man of strongly marked individuality and fine intellect, and of upright, christian character. He was a farmer by occupation. He died in the year 1827. His wife, grand-mother Scott, lived many years after his death, and for about nine years after our marriage, so, husband and I knew her well and remember her fondly. She lived to be very aged and was a remarkably well preserved woman, both in body and mind, to the last. She has spent weeks at a time with us in our home, and she was such a sweet-spirited, consistent, christian woman, that her very presence was a benediction, which we realize more fully now than we did at the time, as we recall her tender, affectionate manner to us and our dear children, two of whom were born before she died, and of whom she was very fond. They are both now with her in the glorified state of the blest, the first preceding her a short time, the other one, who was about four years old at the time of her death, following her in about seven years. I love to stand and look at her sweet, benign looking picture, which hangs in my bed-chamber, and meditate upon her lovely example; as I can not recall a single time when she seemed to be angry, no matter what might occur. I do not suppose we would ever have had a picture of her had there not been a little trick, (which I think was an innocent one) played upon her by her friends; for she (as did many christians of her age) thought, that as God's law forbade the

making of any "graven image or likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth, to bow down to, or to worship it," that it would be dangerous to have the likeness of ourselves or friends made, for fear we might be tempted sometime to make it an idol of our hearts. So she would not agree to sit for her picture.

There was an artist boarding at her son's hotel, where she was, also, living at the time, and she saw for the first time in her life photographs of her friends, which was the source of great astonishment to her, on account of their looking so very natural; and she often expressed wonder as to how it could be done. Her son made arrangements with the artist to have all in readiness for taking a picture of her, and then to ask her to go and see how it was done; and in this way get her picture which they so much desired, and then they would try afterwards to reconcile her to the trick which they had played. So, one day she went at the request of some friends into the room to see what she could see. When they entered the artist seated her in a chair which he had previously placed in the proper position and told her to look at a certain point, and then he would show her as far as possible how he made likenesses. And as she sat there, so unconciously and innocently looking over the top of her reading glasses, expecting fully to see some wonderful performance, he got one of the most natural and sweet-

looking pictures of an aged person that I ever saw. I suspect that she was not a little disappointed when told by him that he had shown her all that it was possible for him to do of the manner in which pictures were taken; and not a little chagrined when she learned that she had been duped into doing what she had never consented to do. But they persuaded her that it was no more than natural and right that they should desire a picture of her, when they had such a good opportunity; so, with her good sense, she came to the conclusion that there was no great danger of her friends ever worshiping her picture, with all the evidences there were around them that there was a true and living God. And afterwards it was a source of amusement to her to think how easily she was deceived. I believe she controlled her temper (if she had any) the best of any person I have ever known. She never became but little, if any, childish; and was, I believe, as little trouble to care for as any person of her age I ever have seen.

She was a firm believer in the Bible, taking it almost literally, and in the doctrines of her church; yet, was very sweet and liberal toward all christians who differed from her in their belief. She lived in strict accordance with the stringent rules of the German Baptists or Dunkards. In regard to dress they require of their members to be governed by the injunction of St. Peter, who says: "Let not your adorning be that outward adorning of plaiting the

hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price." "For, after this manner, in the old time, the holy women, also, who trusted in God, adorned themselves." She was certainly adorned with as meek and quiet a spirit as any one I have ever known; and was always arrayed neatly, but scrupulously plain.

It is said that "good manners is the art of making people easy, and that three important sources of good manners are, good nature, humility, and good sense." Dear, gentle grand-mother surely possessed all these in a high degree from her natural birth, but they were improved by her religion. It was plain to see that her gentleness flowed out of a pure heart: otherwise, it could not have been so constant, which made it infinitely more charming and powerful than the studied and finished manners of the votaries of fashion, who have no higher motive than to please their friends. She was certainly ruled by the text, "Be ye wise as serpents, and harmless as doves." The poet says:

> "That thou may'st injure no man, dove-like be,
> And serpent-like, that no man injure thee."

She was not possessed of that passive tameness sometimes mistaken for gentleness, which would have caused her to fall in with the opinions or man-

ners of others, merely to please them, when it might be detrimental to her moral character. She would have renounced nothing that she considered right, or her duty, for the sake of pleasing others, or of gaining their friendship. She had never been a pupil in the school of the world, where such things are taught under the name of good manners, but she was always slow to blame or contradict, never contended about trifles, being very considerate of the common nature and failings of all, and strove to alleviate suffering and sorrow, and comfort grieving ones, and was filled with loving kindness toward friends, and long suffering toward enemies. (if she had any.) She carried out in her daily life the teaching of her Master, to "be kind and tender hearted, pitiful and courteous, supporting the weak, and patient toward all men." I think she manifested, in a high degree, all of the characteristics of true followers of Christ, which He so plainly delineated in the very beginning of His ministry, as He taught that they were to be humble, meek, lowly, devout, merciful, peaceable and pure. And to all, in whom such graces shine, He promises, that they shall inherit the earth, and theirs is the kingdom of Heaven, and they shall obtain mercy, and be called the children of God, and shall see God.

She showed in old age that when she was young she had considered that one day she might be old, and she never forgot, as so many old persons seem to have done, that she was once young, and conse-

quently she was very considerate and patient with enthusiastic youth. If I had noted down all that I have heard her tell of her experiences in her early life, I have no doubt but they would make a very interesting little volume for her descendants to read. For the poet truly says,

"O, the little things of life,
Make such sweet telling;
Why go back to Arthur's age
And clime, for deeds?
There are poems now in hearts
That throb with pity,
And in hands outstretched
To meet a brother's needs."

"O, the little things of life,
Make such grand living;
While the hearth-fire burns,
Who cares the world to roam?
Not the loving heart,
That cherishes, the legend,
Of the clover-leaf at length
Espied at home."

I will relate one incident in her early married life which just now occurs to me, which looks like God's kind providence was exerted in her behalf, or I would never have seen her sweet face, or have come under her lovely christian influence. One night while living in North Carolina she and her husband went to spend an evening with a neighbor, and on returning, as there was a little fire on the hearth of an old-fashioned wood fireplace, (it being slightly

cool) she did not light a candle, thinking the fire after having been stirred, gave sufficient light to prepare for retiring; so she went back to the bed to turn back the covers, when in the dim light, she saw that the soft feather bed, (the kind of bed used in those days by nearly all,) was sunken down in the center, by the weight of something upon it, which she at first thought was their cat; and she raised her arm to push it off the bed, when to her horror she discovered that it was a large, coiled snake. But instead of attacking them it immediately crawled down and made for its place of entrance, which was a hole in the floor in a corner of the room; but they succeeded in killing it before it got out, and it proved to be an immense rattle snake. I suspect dear grandmother slept but little that night, even after securely stopping up the hole in the floor, especially, if she hates snakes as much as one of her grandchildren does. I have no doubt God had a work for them to perform and shielded them (as he did Paul) from being injured by a deadly serpent.

I remember another incident in her early life, which would be considered almost an impossible thing for the average woman of this day to do, but which I think she considered as being but little out of the ordinary. When one of her children was about eighteen months old they moved from North Carolina to Kentucky, she carrying the child all the distance in her lap as she rode upon a pack-horse; and again, when they moved from Kentucky to Ohio,

she carried another child of about the same age in the same manner all the way.

My dear grand-children, this was your great-grand-father Scott, whom she, your great-great-grand-mother carried thus, so far. She was remarkably vigorous, both in mind and body to within a short time of her death, and came down to the grave in great peace in the year 1863, and her spirit went to join that of her dear husband who had preceded her to that better land nearly a half century before. She lived until the war of the rebellion was nearly over, and many of her descendants volunteered at the beginning of the war, and some were buried in Southern graves. Two of her sons were soldiers. One, William Scott, was only a hundred day man, (as they were called) but Hiram Scott served until near the close of the war. His devoted wife (being a delicate woman) grieved so much on account of being separated from so good a husband, that in about two years after he went away she died, and in a few months afterward, in the hospital at Nashville, Tennessee, far from his beloved children and friends he yielded up his life, leaving a grown son and daughter, orphans, to fight the battle of life alone; having been deprived by the horrors of war of their good and noble parents. They both married soon after, but died young, leaving no offspring.

William Faris, (whose mother was her daughter) a kind and devoted husband and father, and others of her grand-children, after long and honorable

service in the war, sickened and came home, where their eyes were soon forever closed to all their loved and loving friends. Other grand-children of her's are still living, who bravely struggled to the end of the war. A large number of relatives yet remain in her old neighborhood and other places, who knew her well, and loved her tenderly, and would gladly add to this humble tribute to her lovely character, which rests as a benediction upon them and their children, for living under the influence, or coming in contact with, such a life as hers for any considerable length of time, is to the soul, of the one so blest more than the breathing of the pure atmosphere of Heaven is to the body. The poor weak bodies of the afflicted, who are almost devoid of hope, are oftentimes (though almost insensibly) strengthened and gradually built up and brought back to health, by being removed from unhealthful surroundings into a pure and mountainous region, far above all malarious conditions. Even so when the sin sick soul has been by divine providence brought into contact with a true man or woman of God, such as grand-mother Scott was, they will almost imperceptibly begin to mend and grow better, until they are so invigorated, and have their weak spiritual visions so much restored that they will begin to see clearly the "beauty of holiness," and their will-power will have become so much strengthened that they will determine to try (and will then find that they have the ability) to plunge into the Bethesda pool of

God's love, that fountain which was opened in the house of King David for sin and uncleanness where they may be made perfectly whole. Oh, that mortals would all realize the responsibility that rests upon them; for the influence which they exert over one another, and which does not end with our earthly existence. Blessed grand-mother:

"Clear to the last, thy setting orb has run:
Pure, bright and healthy, like a setting sun:
And late old age with hand indulgent shed,
Its mildest winter on thy favored head;
For heaven prolonged her life to spread her praise,
And blessed her with a patriarch's length of days.
The truest praise was her's a cheerful heart,
Prone to enjoy, and ready to impart."

Talmage says, "among our first questions in Heaven will be, Where is grand-mother?" "Surely God will let us go up and tell them of the results of their influence." Both my husband and his sister have seen their great-grand-father, Daniel Ockerman, grand-mother Scott's father. His sister being about fourteen years old when he died, remembers him quite well. He and his wife were Germans, and came to this country before the Revolutionary war. They lived in North Carolina until after the death of his wife, when in 1812 he came to Ohio, and made his home with his daughter, Mrs. Felix Landess, near Pricetown, Ohio, where he remained until death, at a very old age. To him and his wife were born twelve children; all living to be grown, eleven

lived to marry, and to a good old age. He and his wife were members of the Dunkard Church, as were the most, if not all, of their family, I think. He was a farmer, but was also a minister in that church. Sarah Scott remembers that he was a great singer; his favorite hymn being this beautiful one of Newton's:

> Amazing grace! (how sweet the sound.)
> That saved a wretch like me!
> I once was lost, but now am found:
> Was blind, but now I see.

She says her mother heard him preach often. One of his sons, David Ockerman, a prominent and honorable farmer of near Vienna, Ohio, (father of John and Daniel Ockerman, still living there,) has not been dead a great many years, and was a pillar in the church of his father; a great many of his descendants are, also, worthy members of the same denominations; some of them are ministers. How plainly visible are the efforts of training upon children.

In great-grand-father Ockerman's lifetime there were no Dunkard Church houses in Highland county, where he died, though their membership was quite numerous. They held their services in the homes of their members. There were considerable congregations who met and worshiped in this way, near New Vienna, Belfast, Pricetown and Sinking Springs—near each of which places there are now commodious church houses, with good-sized congregations.

Daniel Scott, Sr., son of William Scott and Susannah Ockerman Scott, his wife, was born in North Carolina, on the 11th of May, 1804. He was married to Rachel Faris on December 7th, 1824. She was born in Virginia, September 21st, 1798. To them were born four children, one dying in infancy, another in early manhood. Two, Sarah Ann Scott, and Daniel Faris Scott, are living at the present time.

Daniel Scott, Sr., was a farmer by occupation, but was, also, studying and preparing himself for the ministry in the Dunkard Church, to which both he and his wife belonged, and had been faithfully devoted from youth. He was making proficiency in his studies, and had already began to preach, and gave great promise of becoming an efficient minister of the gospel, as he was a very intelligent man, and of a very affectionate and sympathetic nature. It is said that there was so much pathos in his sermons and exhortations that frequently many in his audience would be moved to tears. But he was suddenly stricken down, and his usefulness cut short at the early age of twenty-six years, by thoughtlessly coming in from the harvest field, when very warm, and throwing himself down to rest and cool off upon the floor between the doors; by which he contracted a violent cold, which terminated his earthly existence, just when he was prepared to do so much good in the world. He regretted to have to leave his wife and young children, and to have to give up his chosen

life-work in Christ's vineyard, yet his end was triumphant and peaceful; feeling that while "to live would be Christ, to die would be gain" to him. When goodness and talents are wedded to misfortune, and by it laid in an untimely grave, it is, indeed, a serious loss, not only to the family, but to the whole community. It is a common saying that time alone can heal the wounds made by death, but it is better to say that religion alone can heal them, and cause the sorrow of a devoted heart to subside into an endearing remembrance of the virtues of their dead, which have left a fragrance behind them to be remembered by their posterity. Revelation, which gives the inspiring assurance that "all things work together for good to them that love the Lord," and of a blissful immortality and an "inheritance that is incorruptible, undefiled and that fadeth not away," is the only thing that causes any real dignity to attach to human life. Christians having their darkest hours illumined by this bright ray of hope:

"Patient will wait,
'Till God shall in the end,
Unfold what now,
Man can not comprehend."

My husband never saw his father, as he died several weeks before he was born. But the children were blessed by having one of the very best of christian mother's spared to them, about fourteen years after the death of their father. She strove hard to

train and bring them up as their father would have wished, but at the age of forty-seven years the hand of death was laid upon her, and they were left orphans. My husband being but a boy at the time of her death, and having spent several years of the time at his grand-father's, he has not as vivid recollections of her as he would love to have, but has some tender ones of her loving care and earnest endeavors to keep her children together, which are very precious to him, and will not be forgotten while reason keeps her throne.

> "Earth's transitory things decay,
> Its pomps, its pleasures pass away;
> But the sweet memory of the good,
> Survives in the vicissitude."

His sister, Sarah, was grown before her mother's death, and has very many pleasant and precious recollections of her as being one of the most loving, self-sacrificing, blessed christian mothers, (her whole desire to live seeming to be alone for her children's sake,) and also of what she had told her about her father, whom she scarcely remembers, as she was only about six years old when he died. She says her mother told her that her father was a devoted husband and parent; and that the few short years they lived together were very pleasant and happy ones. One of the most vivid recollections she has of her mother is that of hearing her sweet voice in singing the songs of Zion, as she went diligently about her daily tasks. And that notwithstanding her great

bereavement, which she took greatly to heart, yet being a beautiful singer, she sang the most of the time about her work, and seemed to derive great comfort from it. They both say that no recollection of their beloved mother is more pleasant to them than this, of her singing the sweet songs of Zion, and they fancy that they can almost hear the sweet strains yet. It is strange what a charm a mother's voice in singing has over her children; and that it will be recalled, even after it has been hushed for many weary years. The poet in speaking of it, says:

"Though memories sepulchre, we think,
Be closed to every earthly thing;
The stone's displaced when we recall,
The songs that mother used to sing."

Rachel Faris Scott, died December twenty-second, 1844, in the triumphs of a living faith. Her son, Daniel F. Scott, as has been said, went some years before her death, and made his home with her father and mother, John and Jane Faris, with whom he stayed and learned the art of farming, but when about grown, with some help from his grand-father, he went to Pricetown, Highland County, Ohio, near where his parents died, and began the general mercantile business, which he continued for several years; during which time he and I were married, in the year 1854, and made that village our home for a few years; but the change from the healthful outdoor exercise on the farm to the confinement of the

store, seemed to be affecting his health somewhat unfavorably, so he sold a half interest in it to his cousin, Thompson A. Faris, who was a double cousin, his father being a Faris and his mother a Scott. He was a man of sterling qualities of head and heart, and had the unbounded confidence and esteem of all who knew him. He was one of the prominent educators of his county, and was Justice of the Peace for a great many years. My husband, having perfect confidence in his intelligence, honesty and good business qualifications, fully entrusted his business interests in his hands, and remembering both the pleasure and the profit that was to be obtained by agricultural pursuits, he bought a farm, near Pricetown, a few years after our marriage, to which we removed, and for several years he followed farming, until the year 1866 we removed to Hillsboro, Ohio, and he entered into the grocery trade. But with the exception of only a short time he has also always been interested in having farming carried on.

His sister, Sarah, soon after her mother's death was married to Henry Landess, a prosperous farmer and country merchant; and was a man worthy of the high esteem in which he was held by all who knew him, and was one of the best husband's I ever knew. The Lord thus providing so graciously for her when her parents were taken away. They lived happily together for about twenty years, when he died, leaving her a widow with no offspring. When

she married him her eldest brother, Andrew Thompson Scott, went and made his home with them. He grew up to be a remarkably strong and athletic young man. He had been from childhood of very robust strength and health. He was of a very pleasant and sociable disposition. He seemed to be almost a natural musician—both vocal and instrumental. At the time of his coming into manhood dancing was the favorite amusement in their neighborhood, and being inclined in that direction, he soon became infatuated with the ball-room under the protest of his younger brother and his sister, both of whom were very much opposed to such diversions. He soon learned to be the most expert dancer and performer on the violin of any young man in the whole region, and consequently was in great demand at parties—a demand which he was always ready and anxious to supply—and he would go through almost any kind of weather for miles around to attend one. He had gone to several such dancing parties in the last fortnight, one cold winter season, and had been so much exposed to the inclemency of the weather, in consequence of having to go two or more miles through it before reaching his home to rest, that his sister was fearful that he would ruin his health if he persisted in it; so, one Wednesday night in January there was to be a prayer-meeting at a friend's house in the country, and she and her husband, being devout members of her father's church, (the Dunkards) were preparing to attend the meet-

ing, when she learned that Andrew was about to start to the country to another dance, and she tried to persuade him to go with them to the prayer-meeting, instead. But he, as would likely be the case with any other young person who was fond of dancing, was not to be persuaded to do such a thing as that, and went to the party. Suddenly that night it turned extremely cold, and his sister and her husband were persuaded to stay with their friends over night. Andrew, after dancing until late in the night, with his blood over-heated, started out into the bitter cold to go home, and when he reached it, he was so very cold that he had to warm before retiring, and being so much exhausted, he threw himself down upon the floor before a bed of hot coals left upon the hearth of an old-fashioned wood fire, where, while warming his feet he thought he would rest, but he fell into a deep sleep, from which he did not arouse until the fire had gone out, and he had been so terribly chilled that it threw him into a lung fever, from which, after being brought very near death's door, he somewhat recovered, but it left him with weak and tender lungs, from which he rapidly declined in health. His dearest friends were dreadfully distressed about his health, but much more about his spiritual condition; but they hesitated about mentioning the subject to him for fear it might interfere with his possible recovery. After he had been reduced so much that he was barely able to sit up a few hours each day, there was

a protracted meeting being held in the neighborhood, and he said to his sister that he wished that the minister would stop as he passed her house, as he desired to have a conversation with him. She, of course, was delighted to hear him say this, and watched closely for the minister and hailed him as he passed, and had him go in and have a talk with her brother. Andrew told him that he had been reviewing his life since his sickness, and had repented of his sins, and believed on the Lord, and desired from thenceforth to serve and obey Him, and wished to publicly confess his faith and be taken into the Dunkard Church by the initiatory rite of baptism. The next day he had them dress him and haul him to the place of worship, and after listening as for the life of his soul, to the expounding of the gospel, he made the good confession before man, and after promising (as that church requires) to renounce the world, the flesh and the devil, he was taken to a creek near by and baptized by immersion and became a member of the church. No doubt some thought that it was a great risk, and would be sure to make him worse, but instead of it injuring him in the least, he seemed to improve in health considerably for a short time, which no doubt was caused by the happy state of his mind. From the day of his conversion to the day of his death, he and the whole household were comparatively happy and calm, though passing through the dark valley of the shadow of death; for they feared no evil since sin,

the sting of death had been removed; and they were buoyed up with the hope of eternal life, where all might be again reunited where there is no sin nor consequent death. The minister told his friends that he was amazed to find how well he seemed to be acquainted with the scriptures and to understand his duty, on that day that he conversed with him before he united with the church. He said the deep earnestness and thoughtfulness that he exhibited, having never before shown signs of any particular concern about his soul's salvation, was, indeed, remarkable. The prayers of his sainted father and mother, with those of his living friends, had availed much.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, and it shall be seen many days hence."

He lingered for a considerable time, struggling with pain and disease, before his naturally strong constitution succumbed to it, and he had ample time to reflect upon and regret having misspent his life; fully realizing that it had been blighted by his own doings, and that he had committed a great sin in thus cutting off his usefulness, for which God had prepared him so well, by endowing him with such a vigorous body and intellect. He saw now how much better it would have been for him to have been advised by his loving sister and other friends, and to have gone with her to the prayer meeting, and to have lived as his dear parents would have tried so hard to have him do had they

been spared to him. But it had all seemed foolishness to him to be asked to "remember his Creator, in the days of his youth." He thought there would be time enough for that after he had "sown his wild oats." But he was glad that he had been brought to see the beauty of holiness, if not in time to save his health, in time to repent and make his "calling and election sure;" and to have at least some little time in which to warn others, and urge them to shun the path that had proven so disastrously infatuating to him. Especially, did he strive to influence his brother to remain firm and steadfast in his opposition to the dance, on account of the unhealthfulness of the exercise, to say the very least of it.

He was thankful that his sister and brother had looked upon it with disfavor, and had tried so hard to dissuade him, and would therefore have no regrets for not having done their duty by him. As his brother was younger than himself, he feared he might yet be drawn into temptation, and he counseled him and plead with him to spend his time and use his God given powers in some useful manner; and when needing recreation and amusement, to seek it in a more healthful diversion than the dance, which on his death bed he believed to be unhealthful, and more or less demoralizing on some, at least, who became infatuated with what he thought to be a dangerous and sinful pastime. In this manner he spent his last days in striving to undo any

influence he might have had in the wrong direction; and happy in the consciousness that his sins were forgiven, and that he was an heir of God, and a joint heir with Christ." He came down gently to his grave in great peace. He was born July seventh, 1827, and died February twenty-fourth, 1847.

Grand-father Scott has but few descendants living by the name of Scott, the larger number of his children having been daughters. He had two sons to marry and move out West, many years ago; one of them, Hiram, died in the army, and John died a few years ago at an extreme old age, his wife and children having all preceded him to the land of spirits. All of Hiram's family, also, are dead. William Scott, Jr., the youngest child, and the last one of the children of William and Susannah Ockerman Scott, died March second, 1897, on the anniversary of his birth, seventy-three years before. He was born just three years before his father's death.

Grand-mother was a very industrious woman, and after her husband's death, he being a farmer, she remained on a farm for some time, and struggled hard for herself and boy, who attended to the duties of the farm after becoming old enough to do so. As he was the last of grand-father Scott's large family of twelve children, and it was my privilege to be intimately acquainted with him, it gives me great pleasure to offer my humble tribute to his memory, which is cherished in many hearts. He obtained a good education and taught school a short

time in his early manhood. In the year 1845 he was married to Miss Mahala Good. To this union were born ten children, seven sons and three daughters. All married except two sons, and two who died young. Soon after his marriage he engaged in merchandising in Buford, Ohio, where he also kept hotel and the Post Office for many years, and was Treasurer of the village for eight years. During the war of the rebellion he entered the hundred days service, which was organized as a relief corps for Cincinnati, Ohio. He was second lieutenant in this famous "squirrel hunter's regiment, (so-called) during Morgan's raid through Ohio. After an honorable discharge he then went to Camp Dennison and became a sutler and kept an eating house. In November, 1864, he moved his family to Illinois and located on a farm in Pike County. Two years later he moved to Milton, Illinois, where he engaged in the stock and grocery business, until in the year 1875, when he moved to Roodhouse, Illinois, where he again went into the hotel business, which he had followed for the greater part of his life in Ohio, and in which business he continued in Roodhouse, until the year 1891, when he retired and moved into his private residence, where he died.

After his retirement from other business he was elected Police Magistrate, and served the people well and acceptably, being a conscientious and upright man. He always, from the first to the last, kept a strictly first-class temperance hotel—being a very

strong advocate for temperance. In all the years that he followed hotel keeping, he proved that a man to make a reasonable success in that business, does not have to keep a bar, for after devoting most of his long life to that business, he died leaving his wife a good home and a competency, after raising his large family of children.

He was an uncompromising foe to the liquor traffic as long as he lived, always opposing it to the extent of his ability; and if he could not have made his living without having to keep a bar in his hotel, he would have gone into some other business. Old King Alcohol would tremble even more than he is already doing on his throne, (to which he has waded through blood and tears, and over the broken hearts of women and children,) if even half who profess to be followers of Christ were as firm to their convictions of duty along this line, as he was all through his life, even before he professed christianity. Even Methodists are seldom found with such settled purpose of laboring for the overturning of this pernicious traffic; though their founder, John Wesley, did, in a sermon in 1760, use these strong words in regard to selling intoxicating drinks:

***"But all who sell them in the common way to any that will buy are poisoners general. They murder His Majesty's subjects by wholesale, neither does their eye pity or spare. They drive them to hell like sheep; and what is their gain? Is it not the blood of these fellow-men? Who, then, would

envy their large estates and sumptuous palaces? A curse is in the midst of them: the curse of God cleaves to the stones, the timber, the furniture of them. The curse of God is in their gardens, their walks, their groves, a fire that burns to the nethermost hell. Blood, blood is there; the foundation, the floor, the walls, the roof, are stained with blood! And can'st thou hope, O thou man of blood! though thou art clothed in scarlet and fare sumptuously every day—can'st thou hope to deliver down thy fields of blood to the third generation? Not so, for there is a God in heaven; therefore thy name shall soon be rooted out."

Like his dear mother, uncle William always seemed to me to be one of the best natured persons I ever saw. I don't know that he was ever angry in his life. And he was of a very cheerful disposition, and with such a big heart that it could take in all the hosts of friends he made wherever he went. An acquaintance of his out West, after his death, in an eulogy on his beautiful character, said about the same of him, "that it was his nature to enjoy friendship with all, and being of a sanguine nature he was always hopeful and cheerful, and few people really got more out of life than William Scott." Our late honored townsman, Doctor Matthews and his wife, lived in an adjoining house to their's in Buford twelve years, and she told me that in all those years their friendship was steady and perfect, and all of that time he and the doctor were insep-

arable friends. She said she never saw a more even-tempered or more pleasant man, both in his family and among his acquaintances; and he enjoyed almost the unbounded love and respect of all who knew him. He was a devoted member of the Masonic fraternity; had been a Master Mason ever since 1855 and had taken very high degrees, (perhaps the highest,) and was greatly beloved by his brethren. Three years ago their friends and relatives celebrated their golden wedding anniversary, and it was a time of great joy to them, as their friends took great delight in showing them honor. They were both in fine health and spirits at the time, although both were near, or past, the allotted time for mortals on earth. Many were the beautiful and useful and costly presents which were bestowed upon them by their children and other friends—hosts of whom they had made in their Western home.

For many years he was a firm believer in the doctrine of the universal salvation of all mankind; and he earnestly contended for that faith, until at the age of sixty-seven, while in the full vigor of his mind, he renounced that doctrine and embraced those of the Christian Church, and became a member and continued in her communion the balance of his life. He was chosen and elected elder, which responsible position he filled with great satisfaction to the church, where he was considered as one of its pillars, and was greatly beloved by them all, who deeply mourn his vacant place. His minister said

of him after death. "He was always a good man, but never obeyed the gospel until in 1891, when brother B. A. Omer held his great meeting at Roodhouse. He was made one of the Elders of that congregation, and he filled the office until his death. He was one of the few men who never grow old. He delighted in the service of the Lord's house. His prayers and exhortations have been an inspiration to all who knew him. His counsel, advice and good judgment were a source of much comfort to me while I was his pastor. He has left us, but by faithful continuing in well-doing and following the splendid example he left us we hope to see him again." "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

The late Dr. Matthews' wife referred to before, with her present husband, Dr. Shockey, visited them in their Western home, a year or two before his death, and she said it was lovely to see his great devotion to the church and to the minister who had led him into the light of the glorious gospel. He had not words to express his love for his spiritual father, and so sorry that he was out of the city, as he was so very anxious that she, his early friend, should meet and talk with him, as he considered him one of the most wonderful of preachers. While talking thus about him as they were taking a walk, to his great surprise and joy, they met him, and spent a considerable time with him in the Park, talking about the meetings in which he was converted from the error of his ways, and which had given himself

and wife so much joy and peace; for she joined the church at the same time he did, and she is now looking forward through her tears to the happy reunion, which can not be far off. On March second, 1897, he died in the triumphs of the faith he professed, leaving seven prosperous and honorable sons and daughters and twenty-three grand-children, in different parts of the West.

Willard Putnam, a prominent merchant, married Emma, his youngest child, and they live in Peoria, Illinois, as does, also, two of her brothers. Another daughter and two sons live in Roodhouse, Illinois, where his widow resides. A few years before his death he and his wife made us, and other friends in Ohio, quite an extended visit, which they, and we, all enjoyed greatly. We are so glad that our children had the privilege of seeing him, and of forming his acquaintance, whom they remember so fondly, as he was the only remaining one of their great-grand-father Scott's children. He was of a very commanding presence, being tall and finely proportioned, weighing, I think, about two hundred pounds. His looks and actions were like those of a much younger person, and as we took our leave of him, on his return home, it was almost impossible for us to realize that he was so near the allotted time of mortals, and that it was not at all likely that we should ever meet again on earth; but I suppose that it was so ordered by providence that death should come upon our friends unawares to us, or, as the disciples

sorrowed most of all for the words which Paul spake, "that they should see his face no more," so would our sorrow be too great to bear, and we would be unfitted for the duties of life if we fully realized and remembered at all times our mortality. and "Upon what a narrow neck of land, 'twixt two unbounded seas we stand."

CHAPTER XIII.

"The memory of the just is blessed; but the name of the wicked shall rot."—Bible.

Tears are the showers that fertilize the world;
And memory of things precious keepeth warm
The heart, that once did hold them.
They are poor, that have lost nothing; they are far more poor,
Who losing, have forgotten; they most poor
Of all, who lose, and wish they might forget."

—*Jean Ingelow.*

My husband's maternal great-grand-father, John Faris, Sr., and his wife, were of Scotch-Irish, and came to America and settled in Virginia before the War of the Revolution, and he served in that war. If all had been recorded of the exciting incidents in his and his wife's lives in those times, when the Indians were very dangerous and troublesome, (sometimes with and sometimes without, just cause;) when his family would have to hurry to the block houses and stay for days, while scout's would frighten and drive the Indians away from the settlements; if all this had been recorded by their children, while fresh in their memory, it would have been very interesting to their living descendants in

these peaceful times; but while some of them remember sitting, as though spell-bound, listening to the narration of many such incidents, yet they do not think that they could do them justice in trying to repeat them.

John Faris, Jr., was born in Virginia, January eleventh, 1770. His father died when he was quite young, and he was taken and raised to manhood by his uncle, Joseph Bell. He was married to Jane Watson, December eleventh, 1788. Her father, James Watson, was born in Glascow, Scotland, in which city his ancestors had lived for generations. John and Jane Faris lived in Virginia several years after their marriage. To them were born thirteen children, all of whom lived to marry, and have families of their own, during the lifetime of their parents. They moved to Ohio from Virginia in the year 1806. While quite a young man in Virginia he made his first flat-boat, and afterward made several. There were no steam-boats at that time, and being a very prosperous farmer, he had a great deal of produce, which he placed upon his flat-boat and propelling it with poles, he, in this manner, took it to Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. Upon one of these boats, of his own construction, he and his wife and their five daughters, with their household goods, came down the Ohio river to the mouth of Brush-creek, where he was met by his sons with their wagons, from the farm near New Market, which he had previously selected and purchased, and had sent

his grown sons to, with their wagons and teams. It is said, that as they were going across the forests from the river to their Highland home, that his grown daughters rested themselves from their fatiguing travel by walking; and having been taught the use of fire-arms from childhood, they carried their guns, on the alert for any small game they might surprise, with which the woods at that time abounded. As they neared their home, while thus equipped, they suddenly came upon some young men, who were hewing logs preparatory to building a house. These young men had heard of the large accession to their neighborhood which was expected that day, and as young folks are likely to do, no doubt they speculated not a little as to the probable consequences which would likely result from the addition of such a large family of boys and girls to their community, whose good reputation had preceded them. I suspect that there was some rather rude and awkward staring of the young men, as the rosy cheeked amazons suddenly appeared upon the scene; for it is said that they were large and finely developed and very handsome girls. One of the young men, Abram Wilkin, seemed to have fallen in love right on the spot, at first sight, for he pointed out Sarah and said, "Boys, I am going to have that girl for my wife." His prophesy was fulfilled, as in due time they were married; and their union proved a very happy one, and their family was among the most prominent, successful and respect-

able in all that community. My husband says he was one of the best men he ever knew. He was the grand-father of Charles Wilkin and others, living in and around New Market, and of the Rev. Arthur Wilkin, of Nebraska, whom we heard preach a good sermon in New Market, on Sunday, October second, 1898. He gives promise of great usefulness, as he is a fine scholar, having taken a thorough classical and also a theological course, and has been preaching with marked success for two years in the Baptist Church. Grand-father's other daughters all married men of fine moral integrity, and highly respectable and very prosperous farmers. Mary married Jacob Cochran, father of the late well known Joseph and Benjamin Cochran, of Cochran's Station, where their sister, Mrs. Lewis Strain, the only living member of her father's family, still resides. Catharine married Samuel Swinehart and moved to Indiana. Jane married Samuel Gibler. And Rachel married Daniel Scott, Sr.

Grand-father Faris, early in life, showed a fondness for mechanics, and if he had enjoyed the opportunities for developing this characteristic trait, which are open to the boys of this day, no doubt but what he would have become a famous mechanician. Without ever having learned a trade, and being a very busy man at farm work, he acquired the reputation of great ingenuity, while quite young, in making and improving implements of agriculture, which were scarce at that time; and

though high priced, were far from perfection in their construction. When quite young, and when tools were very scarce, with the aid of his pocket-knife and a butcher-knife, he made himself a turning lathe, with which he could make numerous things, for both out of doors and in. He was a good carpenter, could build houses, barns, make boats, (as has been said) and wagons; and could make all kinds of furniture, from the cradle to rock his thirteen children in, to the bedstead for them to sleep on after being grown, and bureaus, desks, chests and tables. He also made shoes, gunstocks, fiddles and many other things too numerous to mention.

My husband says that after he went to make his home with him, he still used his lathe often, (though quite an old man at that time) in making many useful articles. He says he remembers it well on account of having to do the treading for his grandfather, which was not the easiest task imaginable for a boy, and often became very monotonous. He also remembers his making a strong six-horse wagon after he was quite an aged man. In those days, fifty years ago, there were no railroads nor turnpikes—nothing but miserably poor mud roads, with occasional corduroy roads, made by cutting down saplings along the road and laying them closely together upon it, by which the teams and heavily-loaded wagons would be prevented from sinking so deeply in the mud. As he was an extensive and prosperous

farmer, he had a great deal of grain and pork and other produce to be hauled to Cincinnati, and other markets, so when he could no longer use his flat-boats, he went to making his strong four-horse and six-horse wagons. The proverb: "Jack of all trades and master of none," did not apply to him, as he was considered a master farmer by his acquaintances, notwithstanding the fact that he accomplished so much along other lines. But being very intelligent and industrious, and taking very great delight in agriculture, and with a powerful physique and perfect health and habits, and owning one of the best tracts of land in all that region of country, it is not at all surprising that he should master his chosen avocation of agriculture: but it is surprising to hear his descendants tell of the many other things he did so well. He was also, a very public spirited man, always giving liberally of both his time and means to aid in public improvements, for the betterment of roads, school houses and churches. He was a Justice of the Peace for a number of years, and had the respect of all his acquaintances for his upright dealings with all. He and his wife were converted in early life and were both members of the Dunkard Church for some years, but after hearing the word expounded by the followers of Alexander Campbell they attached themselves to the Christian Church, and lived worthy and consistent members of it, to the day of their death. They were both possessed of rare good common sense and intel-

ligence, and stern and inflexible natures, and had the greatest love for truth and candor. Having once formed their opinions upon mature deliberation in regard to any duty, none who knew them well, (I have been told) would expect them to swerve from the path they had chosen, or having put their hands to the plow, would ever be likely to turn back, and they never did. From what I have heard of them I think that they were possessed, in a high degree, of that "stern virtue," which Hamilton says, "is the growth of few souls." They gave very liberally of their means for the support of their church, and took great delight in dispensing old-fashioned christian hospitality, which they were able to do quite royally for those times. And grandmother, having the reputation of being a fine housekeeper and cook, the ministers (generally knowing a good thing when they see it) always made their home a regular headquarters while holding meetings in the neighborhood. When grand-father came to Ohio, the state was mostly covered with dense forests, but he made his way through them and selected his own farm and bought large farms for his children, located in different parts of Highland Co., each of which after having been cleared and cultivated was considered among the best in the neighborhood in which they were located, proving his sound judgment in the selection of them, when it was certainly a difficult task, nearly all of it being unimproved. He and his sons soon cleared a considerable

space off their farm, and built a good, large and commodious house (for those days in the country,) which is still standing, and is now owned by one Mr. Vance. In this house they raised their large family and spent their long and useful lives. When they first moved there in 1806, the country was but sparsely settled, and neighbors were "few and far between."

But wild game was very plentiful. There were even a good many bears, and wolves, and deer, and an occasional panther, and wild cat, was found in the dense woods by which they were surrounded. At one time grand-father, from his house, saw a bear, and securing his gun he stood in his door (a safe position truly for killing bears) and shot and killed it. One night just after dark, one of his married daughters, Sarah Wilkin, (referred to before) heard a commotion among her fowls, and thinking that likely an opossum had hold of one of her roosters, which was squalling terribly, she armed herself (so her daughter, Lavisa Faris, tells me) with a garden hoe, and hastily went to his rescue, and could just discern in the darkness that something was wrestling with her chicken, when with her sturdy arms, she came upon it with such great force, in some vital part of its anatomy, as to put a quietus upon it forever afterward. Upon closer observation she was amazed to find that she had killed an immense wild cat. To women whom a mouse can frighten until they scream, this will, no doubt seem very terrible,

This aunt lived to visit us since we lived in Hillsboro. It is hard to realize that within her lifetime there could have been so many wonderful changes in Highland County. It must have been grand for the boys and men to live here at the time when they first came. The oldest sons and sons-in-law have shot deer and bear on those hills and in those ravines through the now extremely tame looking country around New Market. Small game was so abundant that they could catch quail in traps by dozens, any night that they would set them. And wild turkeys, ducks, geese, rabbits and squirrels were almost as numerous as our domestic fowls are now. It seems to me that the boys must have been very different from what they are at this time, or their parents could never have gotten enough work out of them (with such opportunities for sport around them) to have cleared up their woodland farms so rapidly as they did.

It seems to be human nature to always be reaching out after something besides what we possess, thinking that that something will be better than what we already have. "Man never is but always to be blessed." They looked forward with fond anticipations to the time when the country should all be cleared out, and we feel as though we would give a great deal to have at least half of those lovely forests back again, with their swarms of wild fowls and droves of innocent game, and even an occasional bear or wildcat, for the boys to kill. It does seem

a pity to see the lovely forests disappearing as if by magic, and with them so much grand sport for our boys and men.

A year or so ago, my husband and myself visited this farm, where he spent the most of his youth, and we drank out of the beautiful spring from which he had so often drank. It flows out from beneath a large spreading sugar tree, the top of which he reached up and broke off while it and he were young and small. It is still a beautiful and very productive farm—not worn-out, as many good farms have been—for it is said that grand-father was one of the very best of farmers, and knew just how to manage to obtain the largest crops, and at the same time improve his land, instead of running it down until it would become almost utterly worthless, as less intelligent farmers too often do. It is not to be wondered at that every son they raised chose for themselves the pleasant and lucrative occupation of agriculture. One son, Eli, studied medicine, but practiced it for several years on the farm which his father gave him, but after his father's death, he, with all of his family, removed to Illinois, where he devoted himself entirely to the practice of his profession as long as he lived, and where his children still reside.

Grand-father and grand-mother both lived to be very aged, outliving several of their children, though none of them died young. After having raised their own large family, they raised several of their or-

phaned grand-children, at different periods, as their parents were taken from them, and gave them a home with them until they were married or wanted to go into business for themselves. They had as many as five grand-children at one time, of two different families, the parents of three of them dying within a short time of each other of fever. And this was after they had grown old, and it was a great care and responsibility, but from which duty they shrank not nor murmured. Being kept closely to his business, and living eight or ten miles distant from his grand-parents, my husband did not see as much of them during the last few years of their lives as he would have been pleased to have done. They had always been of very rugged health, and they remained remarkably active and in the possession of their reasoning faculties almost to the last. Neither of them were confined very long to their beds, or even to their room. Grand-mother died a short time before grand-father did, on the twenty-fifth of April, 1850, aged nearly eighty years. Grand-father died January second, 1851, aged nearly eighty-one years. "And they were gathered to their fathers" in great peace. They only lacked a few years of living to see many of their descendants bravely volunteer in the very beginning of the civil war, to give their services and their lives, if need be, for the defense of the Union and freedom which each of their father's had fought to procure. Some of them never returned. Their bodies have mingled

with the dust of their rebellious brothers in Southern soil. Others, who were permitted to again behold the scenes of their childhood and greet their loved friends, who were ready to do them homage for their noble service, soon had to lay them down and die of disease or wounds received on the battle field.

James Miles Faris, a grand-son, sleeps in an unmarked grave in a Mississippi forest. He died with his young son, Layfayette, (a mere youth, but a brave soldier.) by his side, with the cold ground for a bed, and no covering but the blue Southern sky. It is thought by some that it was his shot that brought the rebel General Johnson down. Lafayette says that when he saw he had fallen, his father ran to him and cut from his coat his insignia of office, as a souvenir.

A great many descendants of both my grandfather Pulse and Bonwell, also, served in the late war; some of whom never returned to receive the homage of a greatful people, but a goodly number are yet living. All honor to any and all of them, who willingly gave, or offered their lives, a sacrifice upon the altar of our beloved America.

CHAPTER XIV.

"*Whosoever liveth and believeth in Me, shall never die.*"—*Jesus.*

"To live in hearts we leave behind, is not to die."
—*Thomas Campbell.*

Now, my beloved grand-children, it was particularly for your sakes that these simple sketches of the lives of your ancestors and others were written, in order that they might live in your hearts, and in the hearts of succeeding generations after the hand that penned these pages and the loving heart that inspired them have passed away. Their perusal will be, I know, more beneficial to you, and I hope will give you more pleasure, than if in them you could find tracings of the progress of great military heroes through fields of blood leading up to thrones; but from which, instead of dispensing justice, they had "shut the gates of mercy on mankind, and so had come down to their graves unloved and unmourned. And we must ever remember that,

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour.
The paths of glory, lead but to the grave."

And then,

"Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?

Ah, no! then how blessed it is to read of the beautiful and useful lives of our sainted dead, as "along the cool, sequestered vale of life they kept the noisless tenor of their way"—the same steadfastness exhibited through storm, and through sunshine, through grief, and through joy—until at last they calmly and hopefully entered the valley of the shadow of death; where we lose sight of them for a little while—just as we have seen in the twilight the beautiful, placid brooklet, as it rippled between its banks of tangled grasses and thorns, ferns and flowers, disappear in the shadows of the coming night, even while we stood gazing and admiring. But as we knew that in the morning the beautiful silvery stream would again be restored to our sight, which the encroaching darkness had hidden from our enchanted view; so we know that our dead who have "died in the Lord," will emerge from the "valley of the shadow" into the bright light of an eternal day; and that we may again see them and gather with them "at the river where bright angel feet have trod."

You will doubtless remember that every one of these ancestors, as far as has been learned, were farmers. Some paltry souls look upon this occupation as being plebeian; although God—after creating

man in His own image, and before he had fallen into sin, when He would delight to honor him and bestow upon him the greatest possible happiness—the great God of Heaven and earth "planted a garden eastward in Eden." "And the Lord God took the man and put him into the garden of Eden, to dress it and to keep it." "What God has cleansed call not thou common or unclean." The poet Thompson, says:

> "Oh, knew he but his happiness; of men
> The happiest he! who far from public rage,
> Deep in the vale with a choice few retired,
> Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life.
> Sure peace is his; a solid life, estranged
> To disappointment and fallacious hope."

The very soul of poetry, it seems to me, is more often found in descriptions of rural life and in the delineation of the beauties of nature, than in any other. How beautifully James Whitcomb Riley,

> "Has sung of the humble ways,
> And people, others passed unnoticed by,
> And has in faithful manner,
> In old Art's long galleries hung
> Perfect pictures of God's mountains,
> And His rivers and His sky."

Another poet speaking of him, says:

> "Men may praise the lines of Milton,
> And the thoughts that Keats let fall;
> But I love the human feeling,
> That from Riley's lyre rings:

And the poet of the cornfields,
Will one day be crowned by all,
As the Master, God inspired,
To make us love the lowlier things."

Few occupations give as much time for rest and real enjoyment as that of agriculture. The man of business, or of the professions, is not only kept at his counter or desk the whole day, but often long after night has drawn her dusky robes around her, and the beautiful, glittering hosts of Heaven have appeared in marshal array, is he kept in his stifling room adding up his columns, as he bends over them in an unhealthful position, while breathing the impure city air, which has been breathed over and over again; while the intelligent, christian farmer, "lets his moderation be known to all men." In seeking happiness he has learned that he,

"Who strives too little, or toils too much,
Each hunts a phantom, that eludes his touch."

So he returns from his fields to an early and frugal supper, (from which he has little fears of indigestion arising,) after which he sits upon his porch or under the spreading branches of some stately tree in his spacious yard, where, surrounded by wife and children, they inhale the pure atmosphere of Heaven, reveling in the beauties of nature around and above them, until his weary, but supple limbs, are rested; when he retires to his bed of sweet, untroubled repose; for "weariness still finds the sweetest rest." He does not worry about his stocks, for although

they are down tonight he knows they will be up in the morning. Then, too, the long, cool, crisp mornings of the early rising farmer, who is up with the first song of the birds at the first dawn of day, "as it comes down off the hills to meet him," as he goes forth with joyous whistle and song to meet the labors of another day, are not for one moment to be compared with the short, hot, mornings, of the wealthy business man, who has arisen late from a restless bed. (For "wealth and luxury vainly seeks for rest.") He had hoped in the cool morning hours to get a little sleep, which he had failed to find during the night, as he rolled his fevered head from side to side upon his downy pillow, vainly striving to drive the harrassing thoughts of his stocks out of his mind. Poor man! he is to be pitied, and has a good excuse for lying in bed after all nature is awake; but if the lazy sluggard only knew what he missed after being awakened by God's feathered orchestra by saying, "Yet a little sleep, a little more slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep," by which Solomon says warningly, "Thy poverty shall come as one that traveleth, and thy want as an armed man." I say, if he but knew what he missed in health and prosperity, joy and comfort, he would envy, instead of looking with commiseration upon,

> "The youth with sinews early strung by toil,
> Who, often lighted by the morning star, goes forth
> Well pleased to meet the labors of the day;
> And taste those sweets which industry bestows."

The poet Thompson, after beautifully portraying the glories of an early morning walk, exclaims

"Falsely luxurious will not man awake;
And springing from his bed of sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant and the silent hour,
To meditation due, and sacred song!
For is there ought in sleep, can charm the wise?
To be in dead oblivion, losing half
The fleeting moments, of too short a life.
Total extinction of the enlightened soul!
Or else to feverish vanity alive,
Wildered and tossing thro' distempered dreams:
Who would in such a gloomy state remain
Longer than nature craves, when every muse
And every blooming pleasure waits without,
To bless the wildly devious morning walk."

I want, also, to recall to your remembrance that every one of these ancestors were temperate men and women, and for the time in which they lived this is a very remarkable fact, and for which you have great reason to be thankful. But what is still more remarkable, is the fact, that without one single exception, they were all members of the church—professed followers of Christ—but what is best of all, they all lived consistent with the profession they made, and were faithful unto death, and consequently obtained "a crown of life."

It is not the desire to make the impression that any of them were faultless, for they were not, and never claimed to be. The less attractive parts of a fine picture belong to it as much as the more at

tractive, but they are kept as a background upon which to throw out in bold relief the beautiful points; forming the more charming picture by the contrast. So in writing of our sainted dead, their strivings with the arch enemy of our souls, whom they often and finally overcome through "the blood of the Lamb," but by whom they were sometimes worsted, belong to their characters; but believing that the remembrance of their short-comings was very grievous unto them, and were repented of and forgiven; they have, therefore, been kept in the background of this picture; while the predominant, benevolent and virtuous traits of their long and useful lives are prominently set forth in bold relief as lovely examples for their descendants to follow. Yes, blessed ancestry! We believe that their precious memory is worthy of being handed down to their children's children, for their inspiration and emulation. Oh, how much prouder should their descendants be to know this than if it could have been recorded that they had gained the greatest celebrity possible in this world, on account of worldly wisdom or heroic deeds, or for having been multimillionaires, and Presidents and Directors of railroads, or other incorporated bodies, but had neglected the "one thing needful," "and died like the beasts that perish."

Some persons think that "pride of ancestry" can consist alone in the knowledge of their having been connected with the nobility, or having gained re-

nown for valor or wealth, regardless of their moral integrity. But the best of earth have thought differently. The illustrious William Cowper, who descended down a long line of nobility, Henry, the third King of England, five hundred years before him, being one of them, said

> "My boast is not that I deduce my birth,
> From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth.
> But higher far my proud pretensions rise:
> The son of parents passed beyond the skies."

And King David rapturously exclaims, "Thou hast given me the heritage of those that fear thy name." Cruttenden said,

> "Let others boast their ancient line,
> In long succession great:
> In the proud list let heroes shine,
> And monarchs swell the state.
> Descended from the King of Kings,
> Each saint a nobler title sings."

> "Pronounce me gracious God, thy Son
> Own me an heir divine;
> I'll pity princes on the throne,
> When I can call thee mine;
> Scepters and crowns unenvied rise,
> And lose their luster in my eyes."

Christian ancestry is one of the greatest of blessings when it inspires their descendants to emulate their glorious example, and to follow in their footsteps, as they followed Christ. But it is not enough to rehearse and rejoice in the recital of their good

deeds, nor must we imagine that in some manner they may counterbalance any dereliction of duty on our part. John rebuked the Jews, knowing what was in their hearts, as they, standing on their dignity, considered that they were the children of the illustrious Abraham, and that they, therefore, needed none of the grace which could come through Christ alone, when he said unto them, "Think not within yourselves, we have Abraham to our father, for I say unto you that God is able of these stones to raise up children to Abraham." Perhaps he meant some stony-hearted Gentiles around them; for as great a miricle as changing stones to human beings is performed sometimes by the transforming power of God, in raising stony-hearted persons up out of the very slums, to become our brightest, best and purest christian men and women. The Bible tells us that our Heavenly Father is no respecter of persons or families, but He has proclaimed, "tribulation and anguish upon every soul of man that doeth evil, to the Jew first and also to the Gentile." And "glory, and honor, and peace, to every man that worketh good to the Jew first, and also, to the Gentile." We are also told that "the carnal mind (no matter from whom descended) is deceitful and desperately wicked, and is not subject to the laws of God, neither indeed can be." So "Jesus said, verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he can not see the Kingdom of God." Nicodemus could not understand how one could,

nor why they must be born the second time; and especially, I suppose, such as himself, who had been well born. But though a great ruler of the Jews and a master of Israel, and even "confessing that Christ was a teacher come from God," yet, Jesus seeing his surprise, and knowing what was in his heart, said unto him, "marvel not that I said unto thee, ye must be born again." "That which is born of the flesh, is flesh, and that which is born of the spirit, is spirit." "As many as are led by the spirit of God, they are the sons of God." "And if children then heirs—heirs of God—and joint heirs with Christ."

"God of our Fathers, hear
Thou everlasting friend!
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend."

"Of all the pious dead,
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them, in the land of light,
We dwell before thy face."

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